

From the *Spectator*.

COLONEL KING'S TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

THE author of this volume is a native of New York; who "foolishly" ran away from home at fourteen years of age, and, after trying without success to get a living, allowed his landlord to ship him on board the brig *Wyoona*, in the year 1817. The disclosure of concealed arms at sea, and the system of training and exercise on board, terrified young King with the notion that he had fallen into the hands of pirates: but the vessel was designed for the "Patriot" service of South America; and on reaching Buenos Ayres, he was sent ashore as unfit for the service, and left to shift for himself. By the kindness of an Irishman and a Frenchman, young King got a situation in the Frenchman's store; but, becoming tired of the perfumery and fancy business, he resolved to fight in defence of freedom; and, through the acquaintance of his patron's family with an officer of the Patriot army, and the moral influence of United States citizenship, he procured a commission as ensign. For a dozen years he was knocked about in the Spanish and civil wars which distracted the Argentine Republic and Peru; and rose to the rank of colonel; which unsubstantial honor seems to have been his chief reward. In 1829 he withdrew from the service, declining any further command; and soon afterwards, marrying a lady of some property, he embarked in business as a merchant; till the death of his wife and the horrible atrocities of Rosas induced him, in 1841, to withdraw from the country and return to the United States. He has now published the results of his experience, in order to disseminate more correct views of the state of the Argentine Republic, and to moderate American indignation touching the interference of France and England with Rosas.

Though not formally divided, the *Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic* really consists of two parts; one embracing the personal narrative of Colonel King, the other, a general description of the state of parties in the country, and an account of some of the most remarkable cruelties of Rosas. The personal narrative chiefly deals with the dangers, privations, battles, imprisonments, and escapes, in which Colonel King was engaged during his military career; involving many sketches of the principal men with whom he was brought into contact, and a pretty full picture of South American warfare. The story is somewhat deficient in chronological congruity—passing with so much rapidity from one leading incident to another, that when an allusion to time occurs, the reader is surprised to find years instead of months have elapsed. With these deductions, it is a very interesting narrative, full of hairbreadth 'scapes and battle dangerous, and furnishing a striking picture of the dangers and privations of South American war, as well as of the ruthless cruelty with which it is carried on. "Taken prisoner and shot" would seem to be a standing epitaph for the officers engaged.

The general history of Rosas and the Federalist

faction is of less interest than the personal narrative. This is partly owing to the writer's want of a comprehensive mind. The incongruity which is shown in the account of his personal adventures is still more visible in the history of larger events, where conclusions have to be drawn as well as a mere story to be told, and the reader ought to see cause and consequence, though he does not trace them very clearly in Colonel King's account. A further diminution of interest arises from the dramatic form in which the writer thinks proper to present some of the more atrocious examples of the cruelty of Rosas. We have scenes and dialogues at large; a thing which not only mars the impression of accuracy, since it is not likely and sometimes it is impossible that a report of the victim's conversation should have reached the world; but, what is of more importance, Colonel King wants the dramatic qualities requisite to sustain this artificial kind of composition. The incident consequently becomes tedious from being overlaid with unessential matter of a poor kind. The author's own story is occasionally flattened by the introduction of dialogues; but these may possibly be accurate, as they occurred in his presence, and he is himself often a speaker.

No very definite idea of the state of society, or of the causes of the anarchy which reigns throughout the New World that poor Canning "called into existence," can be gleaned from Colonel King's pages. So far as we comprehend the subject, the whole cause of failure may be found in the total deprivation of the means of self-government under which the colonists labored, and the *initiative* character of their revolt. That they had grievances enough to justify rebellion, is probably true; but the mere grievances would never have made them rebels. They were goaded into revolt by ambitious or patriotic schemers, incited by the examples of the United States and by the mere name of republic. The terrible wars they underwent in throwing off the yoke of the mother-country, hardened their hearts, corrupted their political morals, and broke up such social power as really existed, till, at the close, a strong government, or any government in an European sense, was impossible, save in the hands of a despot, who could only rule by means of an army, or a rabble organized after the fashion of the Parisian Jacobins. This last seems to be the mode of Rosas; many of his atrocities being, apparently, forced upon him in order to find means through confiscation to gratify his followers. At present the moral condition of the Argentine Republic seems to bear a strong resemblance, though upon a small scale, to the state of society during the decline of the Roman Empire. The victims are sufficiently refined to feel their miseries acutely; yet they have not power publicly to resist, or personal courage to compel respect by the use of the *ultima ratio* of the oppressed, the blow of the assassin. The fear of assassination—one of the modes by which Nature punishes tyrants—is indeed ever present to Rosas; but no one appears to have resolved to rid his country of this or any other oppressor, either from motives of vengeance or patriotism. Every one crawls on,

hoping to escape, till he is overtaken by the fear or avarice of the tyrant.

The style of Colonel King, at once rhetorical and gossip, is not well adapted to quotation, from its looseness; but we will take a few of the more separable passages.

#### TREATMENT OF PRISONERS BY ROSAS.

"Near his encampment were two or three country mansions; one of which, not more than three hundred yards from the scene, was occupied by Don —, whose lady chanced to be on the assote when three prisoners were brought into the camp. The natural sympathies of a woman's heart were at once excited in their behalf, and she watched with great anxiety the course pursued toward them. Each having been divested of his coat, vest, and hat, was brought out upon the plain and placed in what is called *stac*; that is to say, they were placed upon their backs on the ground, their arms extended and secured in that position by thongs tied about the wrists, and fastened to stakes driven in the ground for that purpose, with their feet in the same manner; and the poor fellows were thus left in the sun, with their faces upward. When the lady saw this, she hastened to inform her husband, and entreated of him to intercede for their liberation; but he answered, that to interfere with a decree of Rosas, would be to endanger his own life without the possibility of saving the victims. The lady's anxiety increased. Again and again during the day would she go to the house-top in hopes of finding that they had been removed; but as often did she see them in their helpless position broiling in the sun! As the shades of night came on and found them still there, she became almost frantic: in vain had her husband urged and entreated her to remain below—there was a horrible infatuation that drew her, spite of her will, to look upon the scene until it had un-fitted her for every other thought. At night she could not sleep; the vision of those miserable men was constantly before her eyes, and at the earliest dawn she was again at the house-top. They were still in view, stretched out as she had last seen them, and where they had now remained during the space of at least twenty hours.

"At last they were unbound; and the lady, clapping her hands, with joy exclaimed, 'They have taken them up! they have taken them up!' But her joy was of short duration; the poor fellows, blinded, and scarcely able to stand, were staggering about on their feet as Rosas came from his tent; and in a few minutes after, a volley of six muskets brought them to the ground, and put an end to their mortal agony."

#### QUIRAGO IN ACTION.

"For a long time Paz's reserve remained immovable, but at last we saw them dash into the conflict. It was a moment of intense excitement with us all; shouts and cheers ascended from the house-tops in every quarter, as though our fighting friends could hear their encouraging tones. None could form the slightest opinion upon the chances of success; and, unable at last to bear the excitement and suspense, about twenty of us determined to go to the scene of action, yet without any direct object, except it was to quell the burning fever of anxiety. Passing hastily from the town, we ran towards the *tablada*; the roar of the battle growing louder and louder as we approached. Both armies had broken into detachments; and the men were fighting on all hands like bloodhounds. We saw Quiroga: he had thrown off every vestige of his clothing

save his drawers, which were rolled up, and fastened about his thighs. Both he and his horse were covered with blood; and altogether they presented an appearance that could be compared to nothing human. Goaded with the prospect of defeat, he dashed from place to place, cutting down with his own sword such of his troops as quailed or turned for their lives, and leading detachments into the hottest of the fight. Naked as he was, and streaming with the gore that had spilt from his victims upon him, he seemed a very devil presiding over carnage. His troops had already commenced their flight, and were rushing in small bands from the battle in every direction; some halting, and at an auspicious moment dashing again into the fray; some resting, and others again flying for their lives. In this manner our little party of neutrals became entangled in the mass of moving detachments; and at one time we were compelled to fight our own way out. But at sunset the battle was decided: Paz was victorious; and Quiroga, at length finding all efforts hopeless, turned, and, without a signal for retreat, fled from the spot."

#### NATURAL CHASM.

"On the following morning, accompanied by two soldiers as attendants or servants, I crossed the river Jujuy, and commenced my journey; which, after a ride of about six leagues, lay through the wonderful ravine known as the *Cavrado de Humaguaca*. This *cavrado* or chasm, which was formed by a convulsion of the earth, extends a distance of about ten leagues, varying in width from a space of one hundred yards to that of a quarter of a mile, and presenting one of the most wild and singular curiosities of nature. The opening of the earth has left a ravine walled on either side with immense and lofty palisadoes of jagged rock, broken here and there with gaping chasms, through which the mountain-streams dash and foam, on their downward course, into what might be aptly termed the regions of *Erebus*, since all below is impenetrable darkness; and how far into the bowels of the earth these streams may dash and fret in their downward passage, is beyond the estimate of man.

"Strange as it may seem, man has set his foot and built his habitation within this pass of gloom; and the occasional spots of earth, occupied and cultivated by Peruvian *mametas* and *tatetas*, formed a singular contrast to the natural wildness of everything about them."

#### CAMP EQUIPAGE.

"At this place we were visited by Lieutenant-Colonel Roues, who owned and occupied a farm not far from us. He was a native of the province, and a sincere patriot at heart, but at that time living in retirement. Perceiving that we were in a suffering condition, this gentleman immediately sent us provisions of sheep, &c, from his own farm; which our people paid their respects to without ceremony. Dishes were unknown in our camp, knives and forks we were not encumbered with, and camp-kettles were a thing unknown. Our mode of cooking our mutton was by forcing lengthwise through the whole side of a sheep, a stick about four feet long, of which we made a skewer, and driving the end of it into the ground near the fire. As the meat was turned and gradually roasted, each man helped himself, by cutting, with his sword or clasp-knife, a long slice from the part most cooked, eating it from his hand; and thus the process was continued until the meat was all gone. In this way, washing down our meat with water from the bold and clear stream beside

us, we fared sumptuously. Roues cheered us too in mind as well as body.

"The company of wretches that he had found in the morning—dejected, hungered, and worn down with toil and sickness—he now left in a perfect *alegre*; for a more happy, comfortable, and jovial set of fellows, never were met together."

From the *Spectator*.

#### PEEL LYRICS.

A CURIOUS flood of Peel poetry pours in upon us. As the gods have not made the *Spectator* poetical, we grudge room for more than a couple of specimens; but the fact that the versifiers, who, as a body, reflect prevalent notions and feelings, should have adopted the late premier, so warmly, is not without its value as a proof of the juster estimate to which the public opinion has arrived. It is remarkable that another lyrical correspondent, from Dublin, has taken for his text the same drama with the writer of the ballad below—the part of Shylock being allotted to the minister's "Hebrew Caucasian" assailant.

#### TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, ON HIS RESIGNATION.

Great statesman! greatest in thy fall—for now  
The crew that hated thee because they felt  
Thou wert the first, the herd who erewhile knelt,  
Shall in their helmeless bark thy loss avow.  
Where now the venal shouts, the false acclaim  
Of parasites, of things without a name?  
Scum of the ocean, hurled away before  
The Inaccessible: so calm wert thou!  
What is thy guerdon? we cannot repay:  
We offer but the homage of a day.  
Thou claim'st from us, and from posterity,  
Undying laurels: yet high poetry  
Tells what they are—the poor man's blessing  
thine!  
Thou like a light before his path dost shine,  
Sole watcher over his humanities;  
Thou laidst thy hand on aristocracy,  
Staying its grasp; beside the laborer's door  
Thy voice of law o'er tyranny doth rise—  
"Bread shall be watered by his tears no more!"

JOHN EDMUND READE.

#### THE LEADER OF THE MILLIONS.

"The best conditioned and unwearied spirit  
In doing courtesies, and one in whom  
The ancient Romans honor more appears  
Than any that draws breath."—*Merchant of Venice*.

The leader of the millions,  
The leader of the free,  
The honest, the industrious,  
My brothers, who is he?

What say ye to a noble lord,  
The rider in the van  
Of the gallant self-protectionists,  
Dutch George, the stable man?

No! he may be the slanging cad  
Of an opposition 'bus;  
But as leader of the millions  
He will not do for us.

What to the flashy novelist,  
The orator, the wit,

Who raked up bygone grievances,  
And was the biter bit?

We say that when we buy our coats  
Of puffing Moses, then  
Will we entrust the government  
To Israelitish Ben.

But there are those who deem us all  
A race of Canaan's brats,  
To be the serfish heritage  
Of whig aristocrats;

And that although, with bully Polk,  
We rouse a war, to show  
The poor vicarious manliness  
Of a selfish battered beau;

Still we must take them as our lords,  
And let them round the throne  
Entwine our sacred interests  
Forever with their own.

No! we who knew the goodly tree  
Will not endure the stump  
Of barren self-sufficiency,  
The greedy Melbourne rump.

Then who shall be, we ask again,  
My brothers, who shall be  
The leader of the millions,  
The leader of the free?

Oh we have not forgotten him,  
The one, the only one,  
No scion of our Norman lords,  
But a princely merchant's son;

Who legislates for future years;  
Who, conscience-led, in spite  
Of enemy or partisan,  
Does simply what is right;

Who spares not mighty interests  
Which grind the helpless down;  
Who treats mankind all equally,  
The noble and the clown;

He to whose suasive accents  
The crowded senate bends,  
Who turns it from each selfish plan  
To his more glorious ends;

Who, listening to his own good heart,  
Amid the cares of state,  
And venom'd maledictions  
Of disappointed hate,

Can find the time and find the will  
To do a kindly deed,  
To help the artist in despair,  
The widow in her need;

Yes, he who ever nobly acts,  
Who all unflinching bears  
The burdens of our fatherland,  
Its glory and its cares;

Who high above all selfish ends  
Consults the public weal,  
Is the leader of the millions,  
The noble-hearted Peel.

WHIG TREMORS ON RETURN TO OFFICE.

THE expectant whig ministers and their friends appear to be in a curious state of mind; they are eagerly anticipating the return to office, yet they behave as if they dreaded it; they do their best to make Sir Robert Peel's further occupancy impossible, yet disclaim the notion that they are striving to oust him, and seem to be really afraid of their own success. Their leading organ in the press especially deprecates our presumption that the object is to unseat the premier, and avers that there is no such wish or intent. Why, then, that great meeting at Lord John Russell's house, to concert with Mr. O'Connell measures of opposition? Why that ostentatious advertisement of whig movement, as if to invite spontaneous protectionist movement in the same direction? Says the *Morning Chronicle*, a totally new view of coercion in Ireland has sprung up since the coercion bill was so readily passed by the Lords; people have learned to see that the causes of Irish agrarian crime must be explored; and no other course was possible to the whig leaders but that which they have taken. It may be so; we will not dispute the possibility of sudden conversions, though not brought about by any change of circumstances, but simply by the internal working of the convert's mind; we will not insist on the remarkable coincidence that Lord John Russell should first conceive this bright idea, not when he was himself considering the occasion and structure of a coercion bill, but when Sir Robert Peel is engaged upon it.

Say, then, that the coercion bill was a subject which could not be avoided; but what pressing necessity was there for taking up the sugar dispute, before its time? Could not the national tea-cup wait another year, that Lord John must interpose the sugar duties before Sir Robert Peel has done dealing with the loaf?

Granting the possibility of that pressing necessity also, there is something in the demeanor of the whigs that can scarcely be reconciled to the notion that they would willingly leave Sir Robert Peel undisturbed. They industriously seize opportunities for attacking him and his ministry on old scores—the long past and the irretrievable. No matter what the occasion, what the subject in hand, no opportunity goes by without their raking up past misdoings. Lord John Russell, in particular, never makes a speech without insinuating or directly asserting disparagement. In his speech on Monday, the subject being coercion, he had something to say about Sir Robert Peel's borrowing measures—a most gratuitous pertinacity of taunting, after Sir Robert's ample acknowledgments on that score: and some old indiscretions of Sir James Graham on the subject of education were dragged out right gleefully. Those ancient conservative offences may have been very bad; the whigs may feel conscientiously bound to expose them; but their selecting the present time for it is not quite reconcilable with the idea that they do not wish to promote the premier's ejection.

Still less so is their encouragement of protectionist attacks on their great rival. They talk of political "consistency," while they applaud the bitter enemies of the policy which they profess to advocate, in assailing its ablest and heartiest promoter. It is not in the countenance of the tory party that the sporting Lord George has found his chief support; it is not the shout of the rustic country party that has supplied the stimulus for

the malignant oratory of the literary Disraeli; but the approving smiles and unsuppressed chuckle of whig statesmen and liberal Edinburgh Reviewers, and the exulting halloo of the whole opposition herd.

Yet we believe the more intelligent whigs, when they say that accession to office just now, quite apart from the corn question, is not for the interest of their party. Men often desire to eat their cake and have it; the whigs wish Sir Robert Peel out, and they wish him in; they long for their own readmission to power, and they fear it: and there are reasons both for the wish and the fear. Hint the possible event, that after all "Peel may not go out," and watch their looks of dismay! "Oh!" they cry, "he must go out." Very true. "But you cannot say that we did it." Then why not leave him alone? "Oh! we must be in." Well, go in, then, and do your best. "Ah! it is easy to say do your best; but it is not our interest to be in." Why, that is true again; so stay out. "Oh, shocking! you are growing factious."

Natural that they should wish to be in, of course it is; natural also that they should fear it. They know that their success is doubtful. Their friends know it better. They have put forth no sign of enlarged purpose or renovated vigor. What have they done in opposition? Nothing to entitle them to office. They are about to enter, not by their own force, but because place is vacant and usage invites them to walk in. Sir Robert Peel goes out, because he cannot work with the means at his command: he is no more turned out by the whigs than he is by the tories. They do their utmost, indeed, to spoil his tenancy, on the principle that every little helps; but, truly, we cannot reproach them for having done it. They are not "big with glorious great intent"—some mighty policy which it is their vocation to carry out, and on the strength of which they are borne to power. Their antagonist retreats, but they do not drive him. They have the march of victory without the exploits: those awkward tests of triumph are to come *afterwards*—they gain the citadel, and then they will have to fight for it: is it surprising that with the victory their profounder anxieties begin?

What are their resources, to sustain the angry siege which is to follow their triumph? What measures have they in store? Who knows? They have ventured on few boasts, and those not large ones; old measures all, and not first-rate. The *Morning Chronicle* tries to show that it is against the interest of the whigs to come in on an Irish question. Why so? Is not Ireland their favorite ground? Are they not sure even there? It seems that Lord John has some Irish measures in view, such as they are: he will have no coercion bill—for that is not "constitutional," as it is called, not "ameliorating"—but he prefers military occupation of disturbed districts: the state of Ireland should be altered by something better than the landlord and tenant bills; he will not, however, have a real poor-law—he is afraid of that; but he will have "that great measure the reclamation of waste lands"! Moreover, he will conciliate.

What are his English measures, to reconcile this country to whig government? Modified sugar-duties are advertised; nothing else, that we remember.

Setting aside special measures, what is to be the whig *policy*, in Ireland or England? In Ireland,

it may be inferred that they will soothe by words and niggle at minor remedies; in England, their policy is to be to supply omissions in Sir Robert Peel's tariff—"no further harm."

What is to be their foreign policy? Irritation, after the old fashion? reciprocity, their old haggling? or imitation of Sir Robert Peel—setting the *example* in commercial freedom, and trusting to that example, for its beneficial and peaceful results?

What man is to lead them? Let us know that, because even from his character we may guess whether they will strike out a new policy, vindicate their unearned position, and make their government worthy of the country. Will it be Lord Grey, prepared to act on large principles? Lord Clarendon, preferring national to party interests? Lord Morpeth, able to act on a sentiment and a faith? Lord Palmerston even, an active and efficient statesman? No; it seems that Lord John Russell is to keep his old post. Is he a man to outrun expectation? Will he forget his self-references—his fear of being morally answerable for contingencies—his punctilious dread of doing anything beneath "the house of Bedford" by vulgar heartiness of liberalism—his growing alarm lest he should be convicted in any way of "playing second fiddle" to Sir Robert? We have no hostility to Lord John; we shall be pleased if he surpass expectations founded on experience of the past: but as it is, we augur little advancement for the liberal party, because he is not liberal enough to *lead* that party; we anticipate little success for a ministry that must depend on progressive reform, because he cannot unsay those things which betrayed his doctrine of "finality." With all respect for 1831, we have no wish to restore that year fifteen stages after its legitimate position in the calendar.

The whigs claim credit for supporting Sir Robert Peel, and the *Chronicle* quotes a testimonial from the premier to that effect. No doubt, they are investing as much support as they can, consistently with their party views, in the expectation that it will be repaid in kind. Will their measures deserve support on other grounds; will they compel it by the greatness and boldness of their demeanor? That is what some of their best friends doubt, wishing that they were not put to trial just yet; and the timorous doubt evidently infects the whig leaders.—*Spectator*, 20th June.

From the *Spectator*.

#### ROWLAND HILL.

The formal presentation of the National Testimonial to Mr. Rowland Hill, the postage reformer, took place at a public dinner on 17th June.

The gross amount of subscriptions was 15,725*l.* 4*s.* 8*½d.*, and the expenses 2,364*l.* 5*s.* 3*½d.*; leaving a net balance of 13,360*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*

This amount would have been larger had not the maximum rate of subscription been restricted to 10*l.* 10*s.* Regret was expressed by some of the subscribers that the execution of Mr. Hill's plan, instead of being intrusted to himself, had been transferred to the post-office authorities, the undisguised and constant opponents of that plan. Others expressed a hope that Mr. Hill may soon be afforded an opportunity of perfecting his plans; and in that hope the committee sympathize. Had Mr. Hill's services been retained by the govern-

ment, the committee believe that the surplus revenue would by this time have been nearly brought up to the old level, and that the administration of the post-office would have been in much greater repute with the public.

Mr. Warburton, in proposing the health of "Mr. Rowland Hill, the author of Penny Postage," made some interesting statements—

The public subscription had been a liberal one, but it was a most inadequate expression of the admiration which Mr. Hill's services had excited in the public mind. Sir Robert Peel's government had unwisely determined to dismiss Mr. Hill from his employment at the treasury in organizing the new methods; but it must not be forgotten that among the subscribers to the testimonial was Sir Robert Peel himself. Mr. Warburton trusted that, under the present or some future government, Mr. Hill would be installed in office, not in a subordinate capacity, but in a commanding position, from which he could superintend the details of post-office administration.

Mr. Rowland Hill made his speech of thanks the medium of fresh instruction as well as of gratifying retrospect. One of his prominent topics was a generous recognition of the services of others; among whom he enumerated—

Mr. Wallace, the indefatigable chairman of the parliamentary committee of 1833; Mr. Warburton, who drew up the report, the ablest document of its kind ever issued; Mr. Ashurst, the agent of the London Mercantile Committee. In the house of peers the cause found able advocates in Lord Ashburton, Lord Brougham, Lord Radnor, and the Duke of Richmond. An acknowledgment was also due to Mr. Baring, late Chancellor of the Exchequer, for the manner in which he exercised the powers conferred by the act of parliament. Personally, Mr. Rowland Hill felt indebted to that gentleman, for the confidence and friendship with which he was honored during the two years he acted under him.

He contrasted the anomalies which existed under the old system with the results of the new. In considering these results, it should be borne in mind that the execution of the plan, in some of its essential parts, is still very incomplete. On the subject of revenue he made the following statement. The year 1837, which was adopted by the parliamentary committee as the standard of comparison, gave a gross revenue of 2,340,000*l.*, and a net revenue of 1,841,000*l.* He had estimated that under the new system the same gross revenue would be obtained, but that the net revenue would be reduced by about 300,000*l.* Last year, the gross revenue actually obtained was 1,902,000*l.*, or full four fifths of the estimated amount; and the net revenue was 776,000*l.*, or nearly three fifths of the estimated amount. The return, however, which showed this result had scarcely been issued before it was followed by another, stating that the "real net receipt of post-office revenue" is 47,582*l.* On which discrepancy Mr. Hill observed—"As I am very desirous of avoiding all points of controversy on this happy occasion, I shall not notice the return further than to state that it is a repetition of the fallacy the attempt to establish which so notably failed three years ago, and that any calculation of net revenue which shall accurately adjust both sides of the account, by charging on the one hand a fair share of the packet-service, and by giving credit on the other hand for the cost of distributing newspapers, will show a net revenue

larger even than that exhibited by the accounts made out in the ordinary manner. In short, the real net revenue, instead of being under 50,000*l.*, is above 800,000*l.*

"The number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1838, was ascertained to be about 75,000,000; the number in 1845 was 271,000,000. And in January of the present year, the latest period to which the returns apply, the number was at the rate of 303,000,000 per annum, or four times the number in 1838. The increase of letters necessary to sustain the gross revenue, I estimated at fivefold. This estimate was attacked at the time as much too low; but it is now indisputable that the gross revenue will be made up when the increase of letters amounts to four-and-a-half fold. In the London District Post, (the old Twopenny Post,) the increase has been from thirteen millions in 1838 to thirty-one millions in 1845, or much more than twofold. The gross revenue of this department is larger now than at any former period. This fact appears to be conclusive as against a general twopenny rate. As to the increase of letters generally, it may be stated thus—there are now as many letters delivered in the London District, that is to say within twelve miles of the post-office in St. Martin's-le-Grand, as there were under the old system in the whole United Kingdom." But this increase, vast as it is, amounts to less for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, than a letter per month.

He quoted the opinion of the chancellor of the exchequer as expressed in his last budget speech, to show the good hopes of increased revenue which that gentleman entertains from the post-office.

He should not go into the question of deficiencies in post-office management. A long list of them, with the remedies, appears in the report of the committee of 1843; and he was sorry to say that the last three years had done but little to reduce the number. He would mention one or two instances of improvement. Two years ago, the post-office very reluctantly made an approach towards the hourly deliveries in the London district, which formed part of his original plan; and although only three deliveries were added, instead of six, the effect was immediately to advance the annual rate of increase in the London district post-letters from 1,800,000 to nearly 2,700,000, or 50 per cent. By the adoption of two other suggestions, which at the time he proposed them were deemed impracticable, 11,000*l.* a year had been saved. He was justified in assuming, that but for the interruption in the progress of the measure which took place on the retirement of the late government, all his expectations would have been realized. Other countries had participated in the advantage: reductions in the rates of postage had taken place in Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the United States of America, in consequence of the good example set by the English parliament.

He had been more fortunate than many other reformers; for he had seen his plan brought into practice, imperfectly as it might be. There was, however, one period of his course to which he could not allude without pain. It was that when, with health impaired, after six years of incessant labor and anxiety, he was dismissed from the Treasury, and left to seek afresh the means of supporting his family. He had expressed his thanks on a former occasion to Sir Robert Peel for the manner in which he had spoken of his labors; he now thanked him for contributing to the national testi-

monial; but had Sir Robert yielded to his entreaties, and allowed him, at any pecuniary sacrifice, to work out his plan—as he did offer to work it without cost to the public—his gratitude would have been unbounded. Still, even at that moment of disappointment, he could say that he felt no regret at having embarked in the great work of post-office improvement. By the aid of Sir Thomas Wilde, Mr. Baring, and some other friends, he was enabled to fulfil the only duty which remained, and that was to place the facts on record. The National Testimonial was then proposed; and the progress it made was such that all anxiety on his part as to pecuniary resources for the future was soon at an end. Nearly the whole fund has been safely and advantageously invested; and this investment, added to his own small property, is, with his frugal habits, amply sufficient to relieve his mind from anxiety with regard to a permanent provision for his family.

#### POST-OFFICE REFORM : THE NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

THE tribute paid to Mr. Rowland Hill this week might be made, and ought to be made, the fulcrum of a new effort to remodel our post-office system thoroughly. The penny postage—the money orders—the increased frequency of mails—all these are important parts of Mr. Hill's system, but they are only parts of it. Their entire efficacy presupposes an extensive reconstruction of the internal machinery of the office. Until this be effected, they are inadequately worked, and do not produce their full amount of benefit; the expectations of the public are constantly suffering disappointment—business combinations frustrated, which would not have been attempted but for reliance upon them, or would have been attempted by some other means.

Under all the disadvantages of having been worked by inadequate machinery and hostile workmen, Mr. Hill's system, as far as it has been tried, has been successful beyond what the most sanguine had reason to expect in so short a time. In 1838 the number of chargeable letters delivered in the United Kingdom was seventy-five millions; in 1845 it was two hundred and seventy-one millions. Mr. Hill estimated that the former gross revenue would be sustained when the letters delivered had increased fivefold: it is now obvious that it will be sustained as soon as their number becomes four and a half times what it was; and already it is about three and a half times the sum. Mr. Dillon stated that the correspondence of his firm had increased since the cheap postage was adopted to four times its former amount, but that the private correspondence of persons employed by them had increased tenfold. Parties who enjoy opportunities of narrowly observing the habits of the poorer classes state, that the communication by letter among friends and families, has increased among them in a still more encouraging ratio. The money-orders, too, have materially economized the circulating medium in the case of extensive traders, who receive large amounts in many small payments; and—what is of far more consequence—have done much to facilitate the acquirement of habits of forethought and economy, and the maintenance of a kindly family feeling, among the poor. Morally and economically, the cheap postage has already placed society in this country in advance of what it was seven years ago; and when the machinery is

made adequate to the task it has to perform, the effects cannot easily be exaggerated by hope. Nor are these advantages confined within the limits of our islands: to no inconsiderable extent they are already participated in by our dependencies; and foreign nations are rapidly following the example. The inventive genius of Mr. Rowland Hill, by a skilful combination of the natural postal system and the infant capabilities of steam locomotion by sea and land, has set the wits of men to sharpen each other, by converse, at an accelerated rate of speed; and has materially strengthened the influence of pure and enlightened public opinion.

There is yet vast room for extension. Much remains to be effected towards the economizing of the post-office—"not," as Mr. Hill remarked on Wednesday evening, "by reducing the salaries or increasing the labors of the men; but by simplifying the mechanism of the office." This having been accomplished, the unnecessary procrastination of deliveries which still prevails may be prevented; the system made to embrace every part of the empire; and restrictions as to weight in a great measure done away with. But to accomplish these objects, the conducting of the experiment must be intrusted to one who sees clearly what he aims at, and whose heart is in the business. That Mr. Hill possesses the talent of routine administration combined with his inventive genius, has been placed beyond dispute by the success with which he acted as chairman of the London and Brighton Railway. That his heart is in the cause of post-office reform, was obvious from his entreaties to Sir Robert Peel, to be allowed, at any pecuniary sacrifice to himself, to work out his own plan.—*Spectator*, 20th June.

From the *Spectator*.

#### MRS. JAMESON'S MEMOIRS AND ESSAYS.\*

THIS agreeable volume contains six papers. 1. "The House of Titian :" a miscellaneous article, which certainly tells the legal story of the great painter's domicile, and describes a pilgrimage made to it by Mrs. Jameson, but which also diverges into a great many other subjects connected with art, more especially in relation to the Venetian school of coloring, and to nature as observed in the atmosphere and concomitants of Venice. 2. A sketch of the public career and character of Adelaide Kemble: which is a fair critical estimate, in a large and genial spirit, of the youngest of the Kemble family; but, being written to accompany "a series of drawings executed for the Marquis of Titchfield, representing Miss Kemble in all the characters in which she appeared," it is perhaps a fully favorable picture, as if Mrs. Jameson had borrowed something from the flattering limning of the pictorial art. 3. "The Xanthian marbles :" a not very striking account of the antiquities brought from Asia Minor by Sir Charles Fellows; the general falling into common-place references to the departed greatness of the country, the particular exhibiting too much of the catalogue. 4. Is a brief notice of the life of the American painter Washington Allston, with a criticism on his genius and a list of his works. It is pleasantly written, and informing; but has this defect—it leaves us with the general impression of a great genius, without acquainting us with his exact school, or his grade in reference to other artists; a fault, by

the by, characteristic of the panegyrical school of criticism, more especially in reference to art. 5. "Woman's Mission and Woman's Position" is a severe but measured and feminine attack upon the world on account of woman's position in society and the difficulty she has in supporting herself: but it is mere attack; nothing practical is suggested, still less any specific mode of remedy pointed out, unless it be the following.

"Either let the man in all the relations of life be held the natural guardian of the woman—constrained to fulfil that trust—responsible to society for her well-being and her maintenance; or, if she be liable to be thrust from the sanctuary of home to provide for herself through the exercise of such faculties as God has given her, let her at least have fair play; let it not be avowed, in the same breath, that protection is necessary to her and that it is refused to her; and while we send her forth into the desert, and bind the burden on her back, and put the staff into her hand—let not her steps be beset, her limbs fettered, and her eyes blindfolded."

6. "On the relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses," in a practical point of view is the ablest paper of the whole; searching and sensible both in its particular advice and its general suggestions, and although going deeply into the subject, yet having nothing too remote for common use.

These essays are characterized by a refined and discriminating intellect, enriched, not spoiled, by German studies; and a style inclined to the diffuse, and sometimes falling from reflection into reverie, but never degenerating into mere verbiage. The judgments are generally just, though with a conventional inclination to the favorable, which personal knowledge or mixing much in "society" generally produces. It is partly this circumstance not operating in so remote a subject, partly the greatness of the subject itself, that render the paper on Titian the most interesting in the book. The brief comparison between Titian and Raphael is a piece of delicate criticism: the description of the principles of coloring as displayed at Venice by Nature herself, and transferred by Titian to his canvass, is entitled to the praise of true invention, and as a contribution or help to the important "art of seeing nature :" the remarks on modern imitation of ancient styles, especially by the modern German schools, are distinguished by a profounder because a still larger truth. We take a few extracts from these topics.

#### PERFECTION IN ART.

"I know that there are critics who look upon Raphael as having *secularized* and Titian as having *sensualized* art: I know it has become a fashion to prefer an old Florentine or Umbrian Madonna to Raphael's Galatea; and an old German, hard-visaged, wooden-limbed Saint, to Titian's Venus. Under one point of view, I quite agree with the critics alluded to. Such preference commands our approbation and our sympathy, if we look to the height of the aim proposed, rather than to the completeness of the performance, as such. But here I am not considering art with reference to its aims or its associations, religious or classic; nor with reference to individual tastes, whether they lean to piety or poetry, to the real or the ideal; nor as the reflection of any prevailing mode of belief or existence; but simply as ART—as the *Muta Poesis*, the interpreter between Nature and Man; giving

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back to us her forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and at the same time clothing them with a high significance derived from the human purpose and the human intellect.

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This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Taglioni.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the "*crust*" in England, and the "*wall*" in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for Nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endowed with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, "it is converted," says Mr. Miles, "by the mischievous interference of art—i. e., repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog." He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr. Coleman of the "College" to devise a "patent artificial frog," and a "patent grasshopper shoe," with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name frog is a corruption from *frush*—i. e. the *fourche* (furca) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gabel*, not *frosh*, their bona fide frog; the ancient term *χειλον* had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning frog, and its disease, the running-thrush, (frush,) when translated into

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Mr. Miles, rightly considering the foot to be the important organ of a quadruped destined to go, and the shoe the thing which either makes or mars the foot, has limited his investigations (for the present only, we trust) to these two prominent points,

which he has completely mastered, and is indeed a Flavius Vegetius *Renatus*—for so was named the Roman soldier and gentleman who, some 1500 years ago, wrote the first amateur treatise on veterinary art. Our author combines a clear head with a kind heart and a vein of quiet humor; he handles with equal dexterity hammer and scalpel, pen and pencil, paint-brush and engraver's tools: working and writing with a firm hand, his language is so plain that those even who ride, may read and understand. As there is no charlatanerie in his system, there is no technical jargon in his explanations: nay, he publishes so purely for the "information of the uninformed," that his treatise may be safely laid on any dragoon mess-table. Although scarlet is not our color, yet pleasant is a gentle canter on breezy elastic downs, and salutary the constitutional jog in shady lanes, where goose-quill and Albemarle-street are forgotten, and we owe to the horrors of a sudden stumble the comfort of "Miles on the Horse's Foot."

This portion of the quadruped, because it outwardly seems to be one solid block, thicker than a tandem-driver's head, and made, therefore, to be battered without mercy on roads as hard, contains a mechanism inside that is no less exquisite than those mainsprings of grace which are enclosed in the Cinderella slipper of Taglioni.

The horny case is lined with thin plates, that are at once elastic and devoid of sensation; thus concussion is broken, and blows are not felt. By this admirable combination of solidity and elasticity, the given and most difficult mechanical problem, to wit, the moving a heavy body with great velocity, is solved. The exterior defensive casing is called the "crust" in England, and the "wall" in France, where men are unrivalled in making phrases, fortifications, and puffs. This crust is thickest at the fronts of the fore-feet, where the first and greatest shocks are received; and is thinnest—for Nature does nothing in vain—at the heels, where expansion, not resistance, is required. The ground-surface of the foot is composed of the sensitive sole, which is endowed with a power of descent and ascent, according to the pressure on it from above, and of the *frog*, a spongy but less finely organized substance, which swells at the back part; bulby and well defined in the unshod colt, "it is converted," says Mr. Miles, "by the mischievous interference of art—i. e., repeated bad shoeing—into a mere apology for a frog." He descants on the varieties with the gusto of a French epicure. The subject is important: how indeed can a horse be expected to jump if his frog be inactive? This obvious reflection induced Mr. Coleman of the "College" to devise a "patent artificial frog," and a "patent grasshopper shoe," with which hunters were to clear six-barred gates; but both inventions unfortunately broke down, amid grins broader than those provoked by the professor's rhyming namesake.

The exact use of the frog, an open question among professional authors, is left so by our amateur: who shall decide when horse-doctors disagree? All, however, are of accord that its functions are most important, although none can tell what they are. The name *frog* is a corruption from *frush*—i. e. the *fourche* (furea) of the French, for which the German equivalent is *gobel*, not *frosh*, their *bonâ fide* frog; the ancient term *zehdor* had also reference to the fork-like form of the swallow's tail; our unmeaning *frog*, and its disease, the running-thrush, (*frush*), when translated into

*grenouille*, and *merle courante*, occasion doubtful mirth to the parfait marchal of France.

Be the names and uses of the frog what they may, the horny wall of the hoof protects three bones in its interior—the coffin, coronet, and navicular: the former is let down to the point of the hoof, and represents the first bone of the great toe, of the human foot; more correctly speaking, the whole foot of the horse is one toe; the action will be understood by comparing it to that of the fore-finger of our hand, the knee doing the functions of the wrist; a nail driven into this coffin renders a horse dead lame. Nature has placed the second bone, the coronet, on the top of this coffin, as is done at august funerals. The third bone, the navicular, is placed midway behind the two others: although very small, “being only 2½ inches long in a horse of 16 hands high,” it often bears his whole weight, and from doing all the hard work is the “navie” of the locomotive concern; it rests on a cushion that is interposed between it and the frog, and which is softer than those eider-down pillows on which Cornish miners dream of the reduction of duties on feathers; a tendon passes under the navicular, whose pulley action is facilitated by the secretion of a natural grease. The slightest injury causes inflammation; and “a speck in the bone no larger than a pin’s head produces a lameness that defies human art.” Neptune therefore, veterinarily speaking, was right, when in creating the horse marine, he substituted a tail for the hind legs, by which a pair of these ticklish naviculars were avoided.

Julius Cæsar, if Pliny and Suetonius write truth, rejoiced in a steed who had human fore-feet, which probably were booted like his grooms. Another Augustan horse-fancier busked the feet of his favorite nag with plates of silver; while Poppea, the extravagant wife of Nero, used gold for her mules. Caligula made a consul of his horse—a job, beyond doubt, since modern authorities find asses to answer equally for such onerous employment. Be that as it may, classical farriery, when the agricultural mind was instructed in hexameters, is a trifle too poetical for practical men of this prosaic age of iron; and an ordinary quadruped naturally requires double attention, since the greater the number of feet, the greater the chances of risk from accident or ignorance. A four-footed beast that has not one leg to stand upon is not likely to lead to much breaking of the tenth commandment.

“There is, however,” says our author, “perhaps no word in the English language which in its true signification implies *so much*, and in its usual one means *so little*, as the epithet “sound” when applied to horses’ feet. The great latitude extended to the meaning of words in horse-dealing transactions has shorn it of every attribute which gave it value, until it conveys no other guaranty than this, that the horse is not palpably lame in one foot only; for if he chance to be lame in both fore-feet, the pain of allowing the weight to rest upon either will cause him to pass it as quickly as possible from one to the other, and not only save him from condemnation, but most probably gain for him the reputation of being a quick stepper.”

—p. 42.

Beware nevertheless of hinting, however delicately, that a gentleman’s horse’s feet are unsound, since the indignation of the owner is almost as sure to be aroused thereby as if you suspected his wife; yet, although the fact need not be men-

tioned, whenever there is inflammation in the foot, no horse will stand on it; and “pointing,” in all its varieties, is a sure indication of an attempt to relieve the navicular joint, and to shift the seat of pain. It is not a “trick,” as the dealer will say: for a horse is too sensible a beast to inconvenience his whole frame—he never plays any tricks on himself, not even a frolicsome bit of “bishoping” or exhilarating “figging.”

The progress of disease in the foot is almost imperceptible, and the development of lameness gradual; the spur of a brutal rider and the natural courage of a generous animal will cause much pain to be borne without flinching, but endurance has its limits: first the step is shortened, then the ground is struck less forcibly—yet yield at last he must in the unequal struggle of nature against iron; and after sinking his head and neck to remove their weight from the feet, down he comes, decidedly lame, to the surprise of his master, who, from never suspecting the growing evil, overlooks the real cause, and attributes the casualty to some recent accident, “my stupid groom,” &c., to be excellent papers wherewith to light cigars: his earnest advice to a gentleman who has just bought a horse is, to set perseveringly to work by good shoeing, a loose box, and plenty of exercise, to endeavor to make him sound; and those who follow his suggestions will at least have the best chance of attaining this consummation devoutly to be wished for.

In shoeing a horse properly, which requires two good hours, and is very seldom done, three points require consideration: the previous preparation of the feet, the form of the shoe, and the manner of fastening it on. As a general rule, a horse should never be shod in his own stable, but always taken to the forge, where, if the shoe does not fit, it can be altered, which cannot be done at home, where the foot must be fitted to the shoe. Many foolish farriers put the foot in order, as they call it, by rounding it, which they fancy looks pretty. This they effect by cutting away the hoof of young colts, and pinching their feet like those of Chinese ladies, until they can scarcely walk. Where nature perseveres in one form, man, whether making shoes of iron or satin, cannot easily amend the shape. If the horse’s foot be fettered, its expansion is circumscribed, by which elasticity is lost and unsoundness originated. The first step before putting on a new shoe is the taking off the old one; the nails must be gently drawn out, which requires as much tact as in managing those of the foot human; all wrenching off, all dragging them violently through the crust, distresses the patient, who struggles to get free as a man does from a rough chiropodist. Forceful extraction injures the laminae of the hoof, which, if once separated, never reunite, but form “shaky places,” at which good farriers quake. The shoe once off, the edges of the hoof are to be rasped, and the sole pared out, as a thick one impedes the descent of the coffin bone. An operator errs oftener by removing too little than too much—the frog excepted, although from its being cut as easily as Gruyere cheese, and its then looking so smooth and clean, “it requires more philosophy than falls to the share of most smiths to resist the temptation to slice away.” Mr. Miles, after defining country farrier experience to be an “untiring perseverance for years in one unvaried plan,” and that generally a mistaken one, observes that when gentlemen are contented to re-

main without knowledge, smiths who shoe by rote may be excused—for, after all, they neither wear the shoes nor ride the horse. The wonder is truly that the owner, however learned and dainty as regards his own calculation, on which the comfort of walking depends, remains indifferent to that of the animal by which he is carried. A good master ought to be able to direct what should be done, and to know if it be well done, which he never will accomplish without some inkling of farriery. The "far-spread prejudice of opening out the heels, and carving the frog into shape at every shoeing," horrifies our kind author, who never would allow the knife to approach it; for what is sport to the farrier is death to the frog. This elastic organ, when bared of its thin covering texture, cannot stand the dry hard road, but shrivels up and cracks, while the edges wear into exfoliations called "rags," which a tidy smith cuts away because unsightly. Their separation should be left to nature, for the frog casts off these worn-out teguments, as a snake does his old skin, or a child its first tooth, when a new one formed behind is ready to take its place.

The form of the shoe is a question of great consequence to the horse, and of not less difference of opinion among men: it has perplexed the mind of the veterinarian from Solleysel, the father of the art, down to the "college;" nor can any general rule be laid down, or any standard pattern given, since every horse has his own particular foot, just as every farrier has his own pet conundrum. A wise smith will be governed by the circumstances of every individual case, and will endeavor to make his artificial protection conform as nearly as possible to the model set before him by nature—that guide who never leads astray. The varieties of horseshoes in the "book," the "panton," the "expanding," the "paratrite," &c., exceed those in the shops of Hoby and Melnotte. Mr. Miles has carefully considered the works of his predecessors, and being a thorough master of the anatomy of the horse's foot, has produced, by a judicious selection of the best points of each, coupled with his own original invention, a result which leaves nothing to be desired. His shoes, however, will be better understood by one glance at his engraved specimens than by pages of letter-press; suffice it therefore to say that the prevalent notion, that shoes cannot be too light, is an error. Horses, except at Astley's, are not required to dance; and an ounce more or less, which makes too little difference in weight either to strain or weary the back sinews, prevents a shoe bending, and affords greater protection to the sole and frog. The shoes should be of equal thickness throughout, with a flat ground surface, as those with high heels, which asinine smiths make in imitation of their own, are dangerously absurd. The toe, which ought to be raised, is thus lowered, and Nature's plan reversed, who elevates the point in order to avoid obstructions. The web should be wide, and of the same width throughout, instead of being pinched in, because the Vulcan operator "likes to see the shoe well set off at the heels." This is both unphilosophical and detrimental; it deceives the eye of man and injures the foot of the horse. "The outer edge of the foot rests on the inner edge of the shoe, and the remaining width of the web projects beyond the hoof;" so that a master who thinks his horse has a good open foot, only has to be proud of a bad open shoe, which both conceals deformities underneath and "invites with open arms a bad road to come and do its worst." The

heels are made bare just where the navicular joint is the most exposed; and if that be inflamed, what must the agony be when the unprotected foot treads on a sharp flint! The horse "falls suddenly lame," or "drops as if he had been shot"—"phrases in much too common use to require explanation;" and small is the pity which the suffering animal meets with from man; who, having first destroyed the use of his victim's feet, abuses him because he cannot go; and imputes "grogginess" to him as a crime, as if he were in liquor like a groom, and not in agony.

The errors of a vicious shoe, and the merits of a good one, are set forth by Mr. Miles in several drawings which he has lithographed himself. By placing the two specimens in odious comparison, the *reductio ad absurdum* is complete. He was enabled to offer this treat to the public by having most fortunately purchased a horse in Devonshire with four genuine Damnonian shoes, in which all possible defects were concentrated. The originals are nailed over his stable door, to the terror of every witch, farrier, and old woman in the west of England. *A propos de bottes*, when a shoe is properly forged, there is no danger in applying it so hot to the hoof as to burn the crust, since irregularities of the surface are thus discovered and easily removed. In fixing, or putting on the shoe, it should rest only on the horny rim of the hoof: it must not press on the sole, and thus cramp its springy operation; or encumber the heels, where the crust is the thinnest and the power of expansion the greatest. As to the very important manner of fastening it on, and number of nails to be used, Mr. Miles, wishing to ascertain with *how few* this could be effected, began with seven for the fore-feet and eight for the hind ones, which he gradually reduced to five and six. This limited number has been found to answer perfectly, and our author's views were entirely corroborated by an intelligent and practical bagsman whose life is spent on horseback, and by the veterinary surgeon of a dragoon regiment accustomed to escort the queen at tip-top pace. Thin small nails are the best, as making the smallest holes in the crust; they should be driven into the outer quarter, where the crust is the thickest, and not forced in too high, but with the points brought out as soon as possible, and clenched down broadly, and then not too neatly rasped away, which weakens their hold. The heels and inside quarters are to be left free. The misery and destruction entailed on horses by nailing their shoes on both sides of the feet are entirely obviated by this simple system of one-sided nailing, which is unquestionably the discovery that does most honor to modern farriery; accordingly its adoption is pressed upon all owners and lovers of the noble animal, by Mr. Miles, with arguments that must carry conviction to all who have heads. This grand specific diminishes at once the continual struggle between the expansion of the foot and the contraction of the iron. Thus fitted on, the shoe becomes a real comfort and protection to the wearer, instead of being a torment and incumbrance, and the foot is left nearly in a state of nature. From the ease which this gives the animal, one-sided nailing will often cure the habit of "cutting," or of spoiling his silk stockings, as old Solleysel terms this uncomfortable trick.

It is also the surest method of preventing corns, which are the curse of the stable, and, if Mr. Eisenberg's testimonials be not mere puffs, of the

house of lords. These corns, white in the feet of noblemen, are, it may be remarked, red in those of horses, being the result of lacerated inflamed blood-vessels; for what is called a "corn," being in fact a bruise, is produced by pressure from the heels of the coffin-bone, which itself suffers from loss of expansive power in the hoof, since Nature, who abhors sinecures worse than Joseph Hume, never continues the same measure of effective reparation to structures which are not employed, that she does to those constantly occupied in their allotted tasks.

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Mr. Miles condemns the mode in which the plates or shoes of racers are fastened on, in which eight and nine nails are frequently used for fear of "casting." No foot, human or equine, can expand in a tight shoe; and the horse declines, and very properly, throwing his whole weight with all his heart into his feet. The Derby course is a mile and a half in length; to accomplish which requires 330 good race-strides, of 24 feet each; the loss of one inch on each stride gives 9 yards and 6 inches:

"But suppose the loss to be 4 inches on each stride, which it is much more likely to be, then it would amount to 36 yards 2 feet, or 13 lengths; which is fully enough to raise a cry of "foul play," the "horse is amiss," &c. Now, no jockey in the world, however frequently he may have ridden a horse, can so exactly measure his stride as to be enabled to detect a deficiency of one 72nd part of it, which 4 inches would be, much less could he detect the 288th part, which 1 inch would be: so that he never could make himself acquainted with the real cause of so signal and unexpected a defeat, and the whole matter would remain involved in mystery, casting suspicion and distrust on all around."—p. 35.

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worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and politics of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aired downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous *Podophthora*, "wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand." Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, overhunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhaunched mayor.

Mr. Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike at seeing his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts, who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labor of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is uphill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a *cameleon*'s, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalize the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets "perched." The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse and mare, but as absolute a necessary as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguitudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse: turn the same animals into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr. Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbors, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be eased with boarding, and surmounted with iron rails: the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from watching each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but

injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbor's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbor getting some of his; insomuch that the best bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. *Dyspepsia* is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigor on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her handmaids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud: more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and *soup-tureen*. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their cruel and salt-cellars, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their *glaubers* and *potash*; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distension, which they otherwise are "obliged to do" (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockeyed themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence*; accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have "cleaned" their charges, to see them lie down, "untidy" and "dirty" themselves again; they sneer at what they call "finding mares nests;" and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious *Aeneas* and his friends did their tables. But Mr. Miles has invented a remedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr. Miles cannot expect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*

—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill; "but take courage, gentlemen," said he, "not one of your patients will ever follow my advice." Mr. Miles, however, like the Oriental *hakim*, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—"the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass." Exercise, combined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physic for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never curries his own Roman-cemented carcase—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

"When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years' old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it," says Mr. Miles, "that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses' welfare."—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the over lively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse's foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In hot summer days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

**LEGACY.**—A bequest of goods and chattels by will. Some parents *leave* a good name as a legacy to their children; and some children, directly they get the good name, put it on the back of a bill as the best means of turning it into a profit. Many a good name has been eventually dishonored by this process. A legacy is either general or specific. The man who left behind him a receipt for a pill that was a specific for every disease, left undoubtedly a specific legacy. As it is just possible that a man may not have been taxed heavily enough in his lifetime, a tax is laid on his property at his death, called a legacy duty; so that the tax-gatherer may be said to pursue his victim even beyond the grave.—*Punch*.

**THE WORSE FOR WEBSTER.**—The accusations of fraud and peculation brought against the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, have turned out to be utterly groundless. We fear Mr. Webster will lose his popularity amongst his countrymen in Pennsylvania.—*Punch*.

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Unfortunately, the high-mettled racer, who wears the shoe and knows where it pinches has not the gift of speech like Dean Swift's Houynhns. The horse has this deficiency in common with the baby, whence farriers find their cavalry quite as difficult to manage as physicians do their infantry, who cannot explain symptoms.

The falling off of speed which is often observed between a horse's "last gallop" and the race, may be accounted for by his having taken his gallop in his *old* shoes, to which the feet were accustomed, while the race was run in *new* ones, firmly nailed on from head to heel, effectually "making him quite safe," by putting it out of the range of possibility that he should ever be enabled to "get into his best pace." Mr. Miles recommends three quarter plates, which should be fastened on by no more than six nails, and these placed only between the outer heel and the inner toe. This is well

worth Lord George Bentinck's consideration, whenever, his present race being over, the kind stars permit him to exchange the corrupt atmosphere, tricks, and polities of St. Stephen's for the fresh-aired downs of Newmarket, where, says Mr. Bracy Clarke, in his luminous *Podophthora*, "wealth, learning often, and horses, do go hand-in-hand." Note also this wrinkle for fox-hunters:—never, when the season is over, let the horses' feet remain cramped up in short hunting-shoes, but relieve them by longer ones, just as the rider exchanges his top-boots for slippers: an easy shoe—blessings on the man who invented it—comforts a groggy, overhunted horse as much as it does a gouty, overhaunched mayor.

Mr. Miles, duly estimating the advantages of freedom of motion, had long converted his stable-stalls into boxes, from a dislike at seeing his hobby-horses treated worse than wild beasts, who at least are allowed to traverse their den. Loose boxes are too generally left untenanted because no horse happens to be an invalid; yet they are more useful to sound animals than even to sick ones, since prevention of disease is better than its cure. The poor beast, cribbed, cabined, and confined, chained to his rack, and tortured by being unable to change position, is put for hours to the stocks, and condemned to the hard labor of having nothing to do—which destroys dandies and bankrupt commissioners. The prisoner suffers more from long standing still than from any trotting on the hardest road—it is the rest, not the work, that kills; and still more, when the pavement of the stall is uphill, which, as his legs are of equal length, and not like a *cameleon*'s, is at once painful and injurious; he meets the difficulty by standing on his hind toes in order to equalize the weight, and thereby strains his tendons and gets "perched." The floor should be perfectly level and paved with granite slabs, which should drain themselves by having herring-bone gutters cut in them, as nothing is more fatal to the eyes of horses than the ammonia so usually generated under them. A box so arranged is not merely a luxury to a horse and mare, but as absolute a necessary as one at the Haymarket is to a lord and lady. Nature is ever our surest guide. The animal when grazing in a field never is quiet a second; frog and sole are always on the move, and therefore in good condition, because they regularly perform their functions; the cushion of the navicular is never there absorbed as it is in an idle stall. If the brains of learned men are liable to be dried up under similar circumstances of *otium cum pinguitudine*, the soles of irrational creatures necessarily must fare worse: turn the same animals into loose boxes, and the slightest tap on the corn-bin will occasion at least fifty wholesome expansions of every sensitive organ.

Mr. Miles gives working plans of the simple contrivance by which he converted a four-stalled stable into one of three boxes. This suppression of supernumerary stalls was effected by shifting the divisions. A tripartite arrangement is far preferable to solitary confinement, for horses are curious, social animals; they love their neighbors, and like to see what they are at, as much as county families do, whose pews adjoin in their parish church. The best partition is brick noggin, which should be eased with boarding, and surmounted with iron rails: the separation should be carried highest near the manger, in order to prevent the company from watching each other at meals—a thing which is not only unmannerly, but

injurious to health. Each hopes to get some of his neighbor's prog, and is also afraid of his neighbor getting some of his; insomuch that the best bred horse, even when next to a pretty filly, invariably bolts his feed—just as a Yankee senator does at a boarding-house table d'hôte, although Fanny Butler sits at his side. Dyspepsia is the sure result of this imperfect mastication.

One word only on diet. The groom will persist in treating his horse like a Christian, which, in his theology consists in giving him as much too many feeds as he does to himself; but shoes are not more surely forged on anvils than diseases are in the stomach both of beasts and men who make themselves like them. Nature contrives to sustain health and vigor on a precarious, stinted supply, since it is not what is eaten but what is digested that nourishes. Her system should be imitated in quantity and quality; she regulates the former according to the length of the day and the amount of work required to be done, and bids the seasons, her handmaids, vary the latter by a constant change in the bill of fare. Her primitive sauces are air and exercise, and her best condiment, however shocking to the nerves of Monsieur Ude, is mud: more pecks of real dirt are eaten by quadrupeds who graze in the fields, than are of moral dirt by your biped parasites who make love to my lord's eyebrow and soup-tureen. Provide, therefore, your nice nags with their eruct and salt-cellars, by placing in each manger a large lump of rock-salt and chalk, to which, when troubled with indigestion or acidity, they will as surely resort as the most practised London diners-out do to their glaubers and potash; nor will they often require any other physic. If a bucket of water be placed always in their reach, they will sip often, but never swill themselves out to distension, which they otherwise are "obliged to do" (like their valet) whenever liquor comes in their way, in order to lay in a stock like the camels, who reason on the uncertainty of another supply.

Boxes, however beneficial to horses, are unpopular with prejudiced grooms, who have an instinctive dread of improvements which do not originate with themselves; and although in truth few classes are more ignorant of the philosophy and ologies of the horse than stable folk, yet, in common with all who handle ribbons or horse-flesh, they have jockeyed themselves into the credit of being the knowing ones *par excellence*; accordingly such servants, especially if old ones and treasures, generally rule and teach their masters, for gentlemen pique themselves vastly on connoisseurship of pictures and horses, and are shy of asking questions which imply ignorance. The whole genus groom has an antipathy to any changes which give them more work; they particularly dislike, when they have "cleaned" their charges, to see them lie down, "untidy" and "dirty" themselves again; they sneer at what they call "finding mares nests," and pretend that horses eat their beds, as the pious Aeneas and his friends did their tables. But Mr. Miles has invented a remedial muzzle for these gross feeders, of which he gives us an engraving. Boxes again are ruinous to the veterinary surgeon, who fees grooms, since they do away with the great cause of profitable grogginess. These gentry are jealous of amateur farriery, and abhor any revelations to the uninitiated of family secrets in plain intelligible English. Mr. Miles cannot expect to be popular in the west, a latitude which imports rather than exports wise men; the horse-doctor shudders lest disease, death, and himself should be set aside, by every man—*Milite duce*

—becoming his own farrier. So thought the pupils of Abernethy, after his publication to the world of the panacea blue pill; "but take courage, gentlemen," said he, "not one of your patients will ever follow my advice." Mr. Miles, however, like the Oriental hakim, prefers exercise to mercurial treatment—"the best physician is a horse, the best apothecary an ass." Exercise, combined with cleanliness, is meat, drink, and physic for horse and groom; although the latter loves rather to lurk in the larder, and never carries his own Roman-cemented carcase—and thinks, reasoning from his own sensations, that no harm is done to a horse by not going out until his legs begin to swell. A regular daily walking-exercise of two hours is the smallest possible quantity to ensure health; while three or four are much better.

"When masters remember that the natural life of a horse is from thirty-five to forty years, and that three fourths of them die, or are destroyed, under twelve years' old—used up—with scarcely a foot to go upon; I take it," says Mr. Miles, "that they will be very apt to transfer their sympathies from the groom, and his trouble, to their own pockets and their horses' welfare."—p. 41.

Yet, were it not for the wise provision of nature which causes legs to swell after inaction, and the over lively exuberance of antics by which a fresh horse exhibits his schoolboy exultation of being let loose and getting out of the stable—probably even less than the present poor pittance of exercise would be given by idle grooms and timid masters.

The horny wall of the horse's foot is apt to get dry and brittle in a hot stable where temperature ought to range from 56° to 60°. Dry straw, coupled with excess of heat, produces cracks in the crust, the natural effects of overbaking; this is counteracted by grease and moisture, using the first first—which is an axiom—in order to prevent evaporation. Mr. Miles furnishes the receipt of an ointment which he has found to succeed admirably. In hot summer days the feet should be tied up in a cloth, and occasionally plunged into buckets of cool water; beware, however of washing the feet too soon after exercise, as it checks perspiration and induces fever; clean them when cool, and rub the hock and pasterns dry with the hand—the best of towels; a stopping also at night of fresh cow-dung keeps the frog moist and sweet.

**LEGACY.**—A bequest of goods and chattels by will. Some parents leave a good name as a legacy to their children; and some children, directly they get the good name, put it on the back of a bill as the best means of turning it into a profit. Many a good name has been eventually dishonored by this process. A legacy is either general or specific. The man who left behind him a receipt for a pill that was a specific for every disease, left undoubtedly a specific legacy. As it is just possible that a man may not have been taxed heavily enough in his lifetime, a tax is laid on his property at his death, called a legacy duty; so that the tax-gatherer may be said to pursue his victim even beyond the grave.—*Punch*.

**THE WORSE FOR WEBSTER.**—The accusations of fraud and peculation brought against the great American statesman, Mr. Webster, have turned out to be utterly groundless. We fear Mr. Webster will lose his popularity amongst his countrymen in Pennsylvania.—*Punch*.

## BORNEO—JAPAN.

[Conclusion of an article in the Quarterly Review.]

A FAIRER field than Sarawak for the exertions of the Christian missionary scarcely presents itself in the uncivilized world. In that field we earnestly hope that the Church of England may be the first. The hill Dyaks in the province are estimated by Mr. Brooke at some 10,000 in number, and, as might be expected under such rule as he has established there, are fast increasing. The last accounts received speak of visits of chiefs to Mr. Brooke from a distance of two hundred miles in the interior:—

“ These people,” he states in one of his letters, “ are mild, industrious, and so scrupulously honest, that a single case of theft has not come under my observation, even when surrounded by objects easily appropriated and tempting from their novelty. In their domestic lives they are amiable, and addicted to none of the vices of a wild state. They marry but one wife; and their women are always quoted among the Malays as remarkable for chastity. Their freedom from all prejudice and their present scanty knowledge of religion would render their conversion to Christianity an easy task, provided they are rescued from their present sufferings and degraded state; but until this be done it will be vain to preach a faith to them the first precepts of which are daily violated in their own persons.”

Mr. Brooke says elsewhere, (vol. ii., p. 184,) “ The Dyak is neither treacherous nor cunning, and so truthful that the word of one of them might safely be taken before the oath of half a dozen Borneans. In their dealings they are very straightforward and correct, and so trustworthy that they rarely attempt, even after a lapse of years, to evade payment of a just debt.” Is not this a better raw material for Christian manufacture than the proud and warlike savage of New Zealand, or the Hindoo steeped in the prejudices of caste? Is such a field as this to be left to the Jesuit, or to the chances of Protestant sectarian zeal? We have some hope that these questions will be answered as they should be answered from rich and episcopal England; and that the great and wealthy of the land will come forward and tell our venerated primate—find us a man of piety, enterprising zeal, and judgment, and we will provide the means of establishing him in a land which, with God’s blessing on his efforts, to use the words of one who knows it, he “ will not wish to exchange for any sphere of action on this side heaven.”\*

The passages above quoted are well calculated to excite Christian sympathy on behalf of Mr. Brooke’s special protégés, the aboriginal Dyaks; but it must not be supposed that he has no corner left in his heart for the Malay, who has been scarcely less maligned by common report, than the Helot race he oppresses. We cannot profess to know what notions the term Malay conveys to our readers in general. With us it raises the vision

\* The “Address” of the Rev. C. Brereton did not reach us until this article was completed. It gives an able *precis* of Mr. Brooke’s labors, and concludes with an earnest appeal made to the English public, at his request, for assistance towards the establishment of a church, a mission house, and a school at Sarawak. Mr. Brooke is an attached member of the Church of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London, Norwich, Lichfield, Oxford, and Calcutta, have already given their sanction to the undertaking. May 26.

of a man of swarthy complexion, drugged with opium, running down a crowded street, pursued by the civil and military authorities, and stabbing right and left, at man, woman, and child, with a kris. This demoniac vision fades before Mr. Brooke’s sketch from the living model:—

“ Simple in their habits, they are neither treacherous nor blood-thirsty; cheerful, polite, hospitable, gentle in their manners, they live in communities with fewer crimes and fewer punishments than most other people of the globe. They are passionately fond of their children, and indulgent even to a fault. I have always found them good-tempered and obliging, wonderfully amenable to authority, and quite as sensible of benefits conferred, and as grateful as other people of more favored nations”—Vol. ii., p. 128.

Of course there is a reverse to this picture. Among their bad qualities Mr. Brooke enumerates deceit, a disposition to intrigue, superstition, and its attendant propensities to persecution and oppression. Add to these defects of the Asiatic character the outward circumstances of power in the hands of a corrupt aristocracy, all the vices without the advantages of a feudal system, and no wonder that occasional and scanty intercourse with ignorant, insolent, and unscrupulous European traders, should have led to acts of treachery and violence which have given the Malay a bad name—applied also, as the term is, to many races quite distinct from the real Malay, and from each other, in origin, habits, and language.

Mr. Brooke’s time has been too much and too well employed to allow him to make many scientific additions to our knowledge of the natural history of Borneo. He has, however, not failed to collect some particulars of that race of quadrupeds for which the island has long been famous, and which, with one exception, is supposed to approach the nearest to man in anatomical structure and in its consequent habits and gestures. Nor has Mr. Brooke been idle as a collector. Five living specimens of the orang-outang were shipped by him in one vessel for England, but, we believe, died on the passage. His report on the animal, published in the “Transactions of the Zoological Society,” is appended to Captain Keppel’s first volume. The largest adult shot by Mr. Brooke was 4 feet 1 inch in height, but he obtained from the natives a dried hand which would indicate far greater dimensions, and we think there is ground to suppose that the stature which has been attributed to a Sumatran species, fully equaling or exceeding that of man, is attained by the same or a similar species in Borneo. Mr. Brooke’s observations or inquiries do not tend to elevate the character of the Bornean animal in respect of its approximation to humanity, as compared with his West African competitor, the chimpanzee. The activity in his native woods, attributed to him by some writers, is denied by Mr. Brooke, who describes him as slow in his motions, even when escaping from man, and making no attempt at defence except at close quarters, when his teeth are formidable. He appears to be agile and dexterous in nothing but the formation of his nest, a mere sort of uncovered seat which he weaves of branches with much rapidity. Mr. Brooke’s account of the nidification of the animal tallies exactly with that by Mr. Abel, the naturalist to the Chinese Embassy of Lord Amherst:—

“ While in Java,” says Mr. Abel, p. 325, “ he lodged in a large tamarind tree near my dwelling; and

formed a bed by intertwining the small branches, and covering them with leaves."

"The rude hut," says Mr. Brooke, "which they are stated to build in the trees, would be more properly called a seat or nest, for it has no roof or cover of any sort. The facility with which they form this seat is curious; and I had an opportunity of seeing a wounded female weave the branches together and seat herself within a minute. She afterwards received our fire without moving, and expired in her lofty abode, whence it cost us much trouble to dislodge her."

Our accounts of the chimpanzee in its native state are perhaps little to be relied upon; but it is certain that in its gregarious and terrestrial habits it has a greater affinity to man than the solitary and arboreal orang-outang. The former is said to build a hut on the ground not much inferior to the dwelling of the negro—but, unlike him, to build it, not for his male self, but for his wife and family. He uses a club, possibly for support in locomotion, more certainly and with tremendous effect for assault and defence; and, if all tales be true, he buries his dead. In all these accomplishments the Bornean *homo sylvestris* is decidedly deficient. In youth both have been found gentle, playful, imitative of man, and capable of strong attachment. The chimpanzee some time since exhibited at Paris, who lived in the first circles of French society, was much visited by M. Thiers, and attended in his last illness by the court physicians, was most impatient of solitude. The maturer character of both species is probably much influenced by adventurous circumstances. The forests of Africa, swarming with huge reptiles and the larger carnivora, are a rougher school than those of Borneo, from which "rabidae tigres absunt et saeva leonum semina." A French navigator, Grandpré by name, tells us of a chimpanzee which became an able seaman on board a slaver, but was so ill used by the mate that he died of grief. Why does this give us a worse opinion of the mate, and a warmer feeling of indignation, than if the victim had been one of the human cargo? In their immunity from the fiercer beasts of prey the forests of Borneo have greatly the advantage not only over those Cafrarian wastes where the cowering missionary frequently reads prayers from his fortified wagon to a congregation of lions, but over the more civilized settlement of Singapore. Mr. Davidson's volume (p. 51) gives a frightful account of the degree to which the jungles of that island are infested by the tiger. Captain Wilkes, the very intelligent commander of the United States discovery expedition, who visited Singapore in 1842, affirms that before the settlement of the island tigers did not exist in it, but that they have since swum the straits, and have devoured no less than 200 human victims within a short distance of the town. It is no wonder that the botany of Singapore is, as Captain Wilkes states, imperfectly known. Its jungles come into respectful competition with the forests of Assam, from which, under Lord Auckland's government, five thousand tiger-skins were produced in one year to claim the government reward. The elephant is supposed to be extinct in Borneo, and we hear nothing of the camel, which Herrera mentions as abundant.

Having quoted Captain Wilkes, we may add that he bears the honorable and impartial testimony of an American gentleman and officer to the value of Mr. Brooke's exertions in Borneo, and that he appears to consider it impossible that they should

not be supported and carried out by the British government. Captain Wilkes did not touch at Borneo itself, but his account of the neighboring Sooloo Islands is the best and most detailed which has come under our notice.\*

We have already referred to Mr. Davidson's volume. It is the work evidently of a man of very distinguished natural ability, and though proceeding from one whose life seems to have been devoted to mercantile industry and adventure, the style of its literary execution is such as most professed men of letters might well envy. He gives us a most agreeable *résumé* of observations collected in some forty passages across the ocean to India, the Indian Isles, China, and Australia. He defends the opium trade, insinuates a desire for the retention of Chusan, and advocates a compulsory opening of intercourse with Japan. Against this latter suggestion—with much respect for Mr. Davidson, and with grateful veneration for the memory of Sir S. Raffles, who did more than cast a long eye on Japan—we enter our protest, on grounds which have been amply set forth in two former numbers of this Journal. We believe the Japanese to be a contented, prosperous, and, on the whole, well-governed people, ready to rip themselves up on the appearance of the British flag in their waters. If one empire of the world chooses to indulge a taste for seclusion, to eschew Manchester goods, and make its own hardware, we think it ought to be indulged. The risks of invasion would be serious to the invader, and success would be purchased at an expense of gunpowder and blood, which, though neither Quakers nor members of a peace society, we abhor to contemplate.

We are not, however, more than Mr. Davidson or Sir Stamford Raffles, indifferent to the advantages our commerce could derive from any relaxation, voluntary on the part of the Japanese, of their rigid system of non-intercourse; and we admit that there are circumstances of the present moment which may bring such a change of their policy within the verge of possibility. We have no doubt that long before this the reverberation of our guns on the banks of the Yellow River has been felt in the council chamber of the palace of Jeddo. It is not possible to pronounce what particular effect the sound may have produced on the Japanese mind. It is well known that the Japanese entertain a hereditary contempt and aversion for their near kinsmen of the celestial empire. In their commercial intercourse, the latter are subjected to restrictions as rigid, and conditions as humiliating, as those to which the Dutch have so long submitted. The original relationship of the two races was probably a near one, but a separation of ages has left the recollection of triumphant resistance to the Chinese invader unimpaired, and has produced striking differences between them, generally to the advantage of the Japanese. The habits of personal cleanliness which pervade all classes in Japan would alone constitute a strong distinction in their favor. We think it highly probable that the intelligence of the humiliation of the Chinese has been received in Japan with something of the satisfaction with which, as we remember to have heard, the Chinese wardens of the marches looked on at the discomfiture of the mountaineers of Nepaul who gave so much trouble to our best troops and commanders. Their applications for assistance or refuge were met with insult and con-

\* See "Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition." Philadelphia edition, vol. v., ch. ix.

tumely, which broke out in such expressions as "Truly you are a great people! Who are you, that you should resist the English," &c. &c. We cannot, however, imagine that satisfaction of this description should be unmixed with apprehension at any prospect of a visit from the conquering nation whose exploits, seen either through Chinese or Dutch spectacles, might not assume a very prepossessing aspect, particularly when coupled with the last instance of the appearance of the English flag in the waters of Japan—that of the "Phaeton." We are nevertheless told that reports have reached Java that the Japanese government were in expectation of a visit from the English, and that the government at Jeddah would now receive an amicable commercial mission. If this be so, the experiment is worth trying; but if it be tried, we earnestly hope that it may be committed to some officer of approved discretion—some naval Pottinger—who will not stain our flag by any act of violence or illegal aggression, such as in the case of the "Phaeton" was to be palliated, but in our opinion hardly justified by the warlike relations which then existed between ourselves and the Dutch. We have no enemy now to run to earth in Japan, and if we cannot at once establish friendly relations with its inhabitants, and procure from the local authorities the usual hospitalities of a friendly port, pilotage, provisions, &c., without humiliating and inadmissible conditions, we know not by what law of nations we can insist on a reversal in our favor of the code of an empire which never itself has indulged in acts of aggression. We doubt, indeed, whether either menace or violence could lead to any result more satisfactory than they would deserve, and we believe that in such dangerous waters as those of Nagasaki, the safety not only of boats' crews, but even of a ship of war, might be compromised by rash contempt of Japanese militia, and equally by rash reliance on the weakness or the good-will of a people with whom self-sacrifice at the order of the sovereign is an inveterate custom.

As to any such specimen of bad faith as would be exhibited in our forcible retention of Chusan, we consider it beyond the sphere of serious argument or reprehension, and we do not imagine that there is much more chance of any diplomatic arrangement with the Chinese by which we could keep possession of it, than there is of Lord Aberdeen conveying the Channel Islands in a leasehold tenure to Louis Philippe, or of his obtaining from that sovereign a reentry on our old possession of Calais.

We are, however, quite in accordance with Mr. Davidson when he advocates immediate measures for working the Borneo coal-field.

"All her majesty's steamers on the coast of China might be supplied," he says, "with fuel from the same quarter—particularly as several empty ships go to China every season in search of freights homeward, which would gladly call at Borneo *en route* and take in a cargo of coals to be delivered at Hong Kong at a moderate rate per ton. To establish this coal-trade on a permanent footing, a treaty would require to be entered into with the Sultan of Borneo. This, I have no hesitation in saying, might be effected, and the requisite arrangements made with the Borneo authorities by Mr. Brooke, whose influence in that quarter is deservedly all-powerful."—*Davidson*, p. 295.

Mr. Earl's volume, "Enterprise in Tropical Australia," is also a performance of sterling abil-

ity—and it is well calculated to make us anxious for the more expanded treatise on eastern commerce which he promises soon to publish. It has, and will probably still more, become the province of England to direct to Australia and other quarters the streams of population and labor which only require her hand to guide them from various over-peopled quarters of the east, to fertile but unpeopled wastes. At page 119 of Mr. Earl's volume will be found some valuable observations on this extensive and interesting subject. Many of the islands of the Indian seas adjacent to Australia, such as Kissi and Rotti, suffer periodically from famine—others are only relieved of their surplus population by the abominable expedient of the slave-trade. The Celebes, China, and Continental India, are all ready to irrigate the thirsty soil with streams of useful labor. Of these Mr. Earl considers the Malay the cheapest, from his habits and requirements as to dress the best customer for the British manufacturer, and the best adapted for clearing new lands. The Chinese are the best agriculturists, manufacturers, we believe we may add miners—India furnishes the best herdsmen. It has been found at Singapore that from these various sources the supply of labor has fully kept pace with a growing demand. Mr. Davidson says that the Chinese junks bring annually to this part of the world from six to eight thousand emigrants, who ultimately find employment either in the island, in the tin-mines of Borneo, or the Malayan peninsula. "Spartam nactus es"—if we can only contrive to turn to account the territory within our legitimate control, we shall rub on for some time to come without coercing Japan. The merchant and the emigrant to Australia will find much useful information in these two works of Messrs. Davidson and Earl; and with readers for amusement they cannot fail to be popular. We could fill pages with descriptions and anecdotes of the most lively interest which abound in both: Mr. Davidson's especially, exhibits a rare mastery in picturesque narration.

From the Spectator.

## MR. TOWNSEND'S LIVES OF TWELVE EMINENT JUDGES.

SOME of these Lives originally appeared in the *Law Magazine*: they have been reprinted, partly in consequence of the praises bestowed upon two of them by the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, partly in the opinion that a "collection of memoirs of eminent modern judges would not be unacceptable to the profession and the public generally;" an idea which induced the composition of the new Lives.

The Twelve Judges whom Mr. Townsend has selected as subjects for his pen may be described as belonging to the age of George the Third; for they were all appointed to the bench and left it during the reign of that monarch, with the three exceptions of Stowell, Eldon, and Tenterden. In selecting his subjects, Mr. Townsend seems to have been guided by his own test of eminence; for the characters and legal line of his heroes are varied enough. In common law, there are Buller, Kenyon, Gibbs, Ellenborough, and Tenterden; who, however they might differ in personal and professional nature, were all men of legal acquirements, who forced their way to wealth, celebrity, and station, by indefatigable labor and perseverance, and who may be taken, each in his line, as a fair specimen of the hard common lawyer, whom modern manner is gradually extinguishing, with his good as well as his evil. The two great equity lawyers are Eldon and Sir William Grant; the former eminent as a chancellor, but perhaps unrivalled for a knowledge of law and a power of hair-splitting; the latter with the highest repute as a complete and perfect judge of any man in modern or ancient times—though his reputation perhaps excels that portion of his works from which posterity must form its decision. Following these two eminent judges is Mitford, Lord Redesdale, chancellor of Ireland; a man who was rather an able practitioner and a respectable individual than of original and marked character either as a lawyer or a man. As a popular advocate, Erskine towers above all: as a judge, he can scarcely be called "eminent;" his post and the figure he made in it were entirely owing to his eminence at the bar. "The wary Wedderburn, who never went upon a forlorn hope nor ever threw away the scabbard," and who "had something about him which even treachery could not trust," is best known as an unscrupulous but clever political adventurer, whose memory is embalmed in history for his fierce though justifiable attack upon Franklin, his defence of Clive, and various intrigues with every party likely to serve his turn, till, finding the Foxite whigs hopeless and the Portland party not so pliant as he wished, he bargained with Pitt for the chancellorship. He had on his previous elevation to the common pleas been made Lord Loughborough; a name by which he is more familiarly known than by that of Earl of Rosslyn, which title he obtained when he was obliged to retire a few years afterwards. Pepper Arden, Lord Alvanley, though not so mere an adventurer as Loughborough, was active and celebrated as a politician rather than as a lawyer; though he creditably filled the posts of master of the rolls and chief justice of the common pleas. The remaining eminent judge was a civilian, and one of the most distinguished that ever lived. To profound learning and extensive acumen, William

Scott, Lord Stowell, added an amenity of disposition, an elegant literature, and graces of style which few lawyers of any age could equal; whilst his good taste never allowed his learning to encumber, or his literature to ornament his composition too much. He *might* be a shade over-exhaustive and over-argumentative; and perhaps he wanted the condensed gravity of judicial eloquence: but he gained in amenity what he lost in weight. These things, however, are rather of the nature of feature and complexion than constitutional qualities. Lord Stowell had the acumen which perceived distinctions, the comprehension which took in the entire range of the subject, the genius which detected the principle lurking in the instance; and he was thus often enabled to endow seemingly small cases with importance and dignity. In these larger qualities Stowell seems to us to have excelled all the rest of these eminent men; the best of whom were probably only "judges learned in the law," and whose learning eclipsed their philosophy.

Except in the case of Lord Eldon, where the materials were ready to Mr. Townsend's hand, the Lives in these volumes partake more of the article or memoir than of pure biography, whether we consider biography in the sense of a regular narrative of the incidents of a life and correspondence, or a masterly account of the career with a portrait of the character. For the former mode, space and materials were both perhaps wanting; to the latter Mr. Townsend is not exactly equal. He lacks the penetrative acumen, the strength of mind, and the freedom from prejudice, required in the more critical biographer. Indeed, he is a strong partisan in his views; which rather smack of the old tory lawyer, but without his insolence, virulence, and coarseness. These prejudices peep out in his estimate of persons: in which, however, Mr. Townsend is more successful than in his criticism; for some of his selected jokes are but indifferent, his specimens of eloquence or judgment do not always justify the praise they are put forward to support, and he has a remarkable knack of spoiling quotations. But the book is agreeable and interesting; partly from the character of Mr. Townsend's mind, which though not very keen or elevated, is exceedingly well adapted to the gossip of biography or of legal lore; partly from the nature of his subjects. A lawyer who rises to eminence has always some striking qualities: if not a profound jurisconsult, or a keen and able pleader, he must have ready and flashy parts of some kind, sufficient to float him over the stormy competition of the bar, and make him "generally useful" in the senate. Eminence in art, science, and literature, is necessarily attained by solitary meditation and experiment; but a successful lawyer is generally throughout his entire career, and always in some part of it, brought into the actual business of life; and in times of movement, such as a majority of the judges in this volume lived in, connected with the struggles of factions as well as litigants, and engaged in forwarding or baffling the arts of unscrupulous power or of parties perhaps more unscrupulous. Then, the lawyer (we are speaking of the public pleader and the judge) is a man of this world. He lives almost in public—in the courts, in the houses of parliament, in circuit clubs, and at "common tables," where there is constantly going on a keen encounter of wits; and even if in private life he is an economic recluse like Kenyon or Eldon, his strength or eccentricity

of character supplies as many strong points as would be gained from the most liberal round of entertainments." In the majority of cases, the great lawyer is a man of struggles, not only with law but with fortune. There is no turning out a "heaven-born" lawyer either at equity or nisi prius. He gathers his knowledge by time and labor, and acquires by long practice that ready dexterity in its application which looks almost supernatural to the ignorant, as if he worked by witchcraft instead of wit. Many lawyers, too, have sprung from a mean origin and very narrow circumstances; so that their early career affords examples of the pursuit of distinction under difficulties: a circumstance that adds interest to their lives, though it may taint their character with coarseness, and induce something of unprincipled self-seeking. For the public biography of modern lawyers also there are ample materials, not merely in the professional but in the newspaper reports; a large amount of their good things and very often of their bad are familiar in the mouths of the profession, and there are always many people well acquainted with their personal characteristics and their bearing both in public and private life, should the writer himself not know them. With such excellent subjects, and ample materials to his hand, and with his professional *esprit de corps*, Mr. Townsend could scarcely fail in producing a pleasant and useful book for the world at large, and an interesting work for the lawyer or law student.

A point of interest connected with the book, though not necessarily with the subject of lawyers, are the events and manners over which the reader is carried. Dated from the early times of George the Third, the most striking events of that troubled reign are brought in review before us; whilst many of the anecdotes indicate the coarseness of manners and want of education not only found among the middle classes but even among the country gentlemen of the last century—the immediate successors to the Squire Westerns. Here is an instance from the life of Buller.

#### HIGH SHERIFFS, "SIXTY YEARS SINCE."

"There is a tradition on the Oxford Circuit, that he once met at the first assize town with a very unsophisticated sheriff, who bluntly demanded of his lordship, as he was stepping into his carriage, whether he was a *bonâ fide* judge, (the worthy functionary made but one syllable of *fide*,) as they had been so often fobbed off with sergeants in those parts? When satisfied on this important particular, he took his seat aside of the judge. A grave severity on the countenance of Mr. Justice Buller occasioned some misgivings in the mind of the sheriff; who expressed his fear that he had unwittingly done something wrong. 'It is certainly,' said his lordship, with a smile, 'against etiquette on these occasions for the sheriff to take his seat fronting the horses, unless,—he put his hand on the gentleman, who was starting up—'unless invited by the judge, as I now invite you.' Cradock tells a story of a learned predecessor's encounter with another sheriff, not unamusing. The world was then not so highly refined as at present. After the usual opening of common topics, such as the roads and the weather, the high sheriff began to feel himself a little more emboldened, and ventured to ask his lordship whether, at the last place, he had gone to see the elephant? The judge, with great good-humor, replied, 'Why

no, Mr. High Sheriff, I cannot say that I did; for a little difficulty occurred: we both came into town in form, with the trumpet sounding before us, and there was a point of ceremony to be settled, which should visit first.'"

#### THURLOW ON LOUGHBOROUGH.

"Lord Thurlow survived his lucky rival more than a twelvemonth; and on hearing of his death at Bath, said candidly, 'Well I hated the fellow, he could *parlez-vous* better than I could; but he was a gentleman!' His dislike afterwards vented itself in a bitter gibe. Being informed, we know not how truly, that George the Third, who had been laboring under mental hallucination, exclaimed, on Lord Rosslyn's death, 'I have lost then the greatest scoundrel in my dominions!' 'Said he so,' exclaimed Lord Thurlow, 'then by — he is sane!'"

#### GIBBS ON HIS EARLY CASES.

"He practised in the capacity of special pleader nearly ten years, organizing slowly, but surely, a large connection. 'When the attorneys have no one else to go to,' he remarked, with fretful naïveté, 'they come to me! Other pleaders have the luck of getting some easy cases. I never remember having had a single one. They were all difficult and complicated, and had nothing short about them but the fees.'"

#### PROFESSIONAL POPULARITY OF GIBBS.

"Unpopular in his own branch of the profession, the attorney-general could not boast of being a greater favorite with solicitors, especially the worse part of them. For though the temper of the man might be bad, and his manner hard, ungracious, and repulsive, his was not the abject spirit to truckle to those who had power in their hands, or to speak in honeyed speech to an efficient patron. If the action was founded in folly, in knavery, or in both, he never failed to acquaint its aiders and abettors with his opinion. His forensic bitterness always assumed its harshest tones when denouncing, as he termed them, the prowling jackals, the predatory pilot-fish, of the law. One of this class chanced to be standing near him as he was addressing the jury; when, suddenly turning round, he riveted the attention of the whole court on his victim—'Does any of you want a dirty job to be done? There stands Mr. (naming the individual) ready and willing to do it.' The presiding judge interposed, but Sir Vicary persisted. 'I will not be silenced. The fellow deserves to be exposed, and I will expose him.' On another occasion, an attorney having brought a very thick brief to his lodgings in the assize town very late at night, was about to make his bow, when Sir Vicary Gibbs grasped the huge mass of paper, and inquired, 'Is all this evidence?' No, sir, replied the attorney; 'there are forty pages containing my observations.' 'Point them out.' He then tore these pages from the rest, thrust them into the fire, and concluded the interview with the sarcastic remark, 'There go your observations.'"

#### GARROW AND GIBBS.

"There were fierce struggles, we are told, between Gibbs and Garrow. He was often, indeed, in ordinary cases, an overmatch for Erskine himself; but Erskine could afford to sustain this defeat or this overreaching, and his temper was sweet as his nature was noble. Not such the temper of

**Sir Viceary.** When Garrow would run round him—get verdicts from him—beat down his damages by coarse clamor or hoarse laughing—even make points against him, or filch them, as he was wont to phrase it—the bystander saw such bitterness manifested in the defeated face, that he could not have wondered at seeing him cry for mere vexation.

#### JUDGES' PERQUISITES.

Lord Ellenborough died possessed of ample wealth, which has been computed to amount to 240,000*l.* So munificent a fortune may be easily accounted for. There were three offices of very considerable value at the disposal of the chief justice of the king's bench; those of the chief clerk, the *custos brevium*, and the clerk of the outlaws. The sale of these offices is now most fitly abolished, as inconsistent with the dignity and independence of the judicial station. Luckily for Lord Ellenborough, two of these places fell vacant shortly after his appointment. He refused 80,000*l.* which was offered for the disposal of the chief clerkship; and until his son was of age to receive it, added its amount, which was 7,000*l.* a year, to his own salary; realizing thus an income of 16,000*l.* a sum considerably larger than was enjoyed by those who immediately preceded and succeeded him. It equalled, nay, in some years exceeded, the income of the Lord Chancellor, and justified, even in a worldly sense, the sagacity of the learned lord's decision when in 1806 he refused the seals.

#### THE BRITISH MINISTERS.

SIR Robert Peel made his triumphal exit from office on Monday night, in a speech worthy of the occasion. Considered technically, as a matter of mere oratory, his speaking has often shown traces of more pains, of more artful structure, and more workmanlike elaboration; but such small points were beside the occasion. Many large questions of the past, solved and unsolved—of the future—crowded upon his utterance, and ill brooked the narrow limits prescribed to his discourse. And he evidently approached his task with small preparation of a special kind—with none, perhaps, but so much as was implied in the deeds of the past and in a determined purpose. His judgment was shown in the admirable temper which animated the whole, and in the manner in which he took up his ground for the future.

He does not go into opposition. So we understood him to imply four or five months ago, and his farewell speech confirms that impression. There has been a good deal of wrangling as to the interpretation to be put upon that portion of the speech which relates to affairs of party—some nicely balancing words, and insisting that they pledge the speaker to nothing; others insisting that they must be considered in reference to their general tenor. The latter is, no doubt, the just view. The speech was one of generalities, and not of specialities. And to expect that the exient minister would volunteer a schedule of particular details to which he should be pledged, (a supposition involved in the complaint that he does not stand pledged on particular points,) is puerile. His intent was as clear as possible. As we understand him, he is henceforward to consider questions that come before him in reference to their circumstances, their merits, and their practical

effects. It is to be observed that such a course would set aside the *details* of some past measures to which the late cabinet may have been committed; making him free to take them up *de novo* with the full lights of the time and on their own proper grounds. Resting upon what he said, we should not be surprised if Sir Robert Peel were even to abstain from crossing over to the opposition benches, and were to take his seat on the ministerial side as an independent supporter of the Queen's government. It must be allowed that such a departure from routine would be as startling as any of the more substantial innovations which he has made in the conduct of party; though it would quite accord with the spirit of his change from the service of party to that of his country.

One of the questions on which his probable course has given rise to great speculation is the sugar-duties. Sir Robert, presuming Lord John Russell to be the new minister, promises his support in carrying forward the same commercial principles as those which have recently guided the government: but in doing so, he makes reservations against the "derangement" of "great interests," with more of the same kind. The suspicious construe that reservation to mean, that Sir Robert Peel will abide by the differential sugar-duties on the anti-slavery pretext. We believe in no such interpretation. Sir Robert, no doubt, feels that there *are* moral considerations mixed up with the financial one of the sugar-duties; not only the black interests, which once monopolized the philanthropy of this country, but the colonial interests—the interests of that property which was so lavishly wasted by our wild legislation. His cabinet endeavored to satisfy justice, or rather to satisfy appearances, by adopting Captain Denman's new plan of African blockade, and by a hesitating sanction to coolly and negro immigration into the West Indies. The immigration is growing, in spite of official obstacles, kept up to the very latest date of Mr. Gladstone's incumbency of the colonial office—obstacles not, indeed, originating with him, but not swept away by him. Captain Denman's plan is under trial. The sugar-duties cannot be justly or ably handled apart from the whole West Indian question; but any minister who chose to deal with all, comprehensively, vigorously, and promptly, might give the British people cheap sugar and put the West Indies on the road to prosperity by the same act. We do not understand Sir Robert Peel's reservation to convey the shadow of a hint that he would refuse to consider, fairly, and without bias, any measure better than his own, or rather, than Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Goulburn's, for settling the sugar-duties.

Ireland is another prominent point in the leave-taking speech, and one which has of course invited cavi. Sir Robert has broadly declared for perfect equality in the spirit of legislation between England and Ireland. This is hailed by some who look more to party than to national interests, as a new "inconsistency"—a virtual abnegation of the statesman's recent policy. It is quite the reverse; being a further carrying out of that policy which dictated the Maynooth grant, the recognition of Episcopal titles, and several other measures tending to equality. Formally, indeed, Sir Robert was defeated on a coercion bill: but it was the identical measure that the whigs in office had kept up for years; it was supported by the members of the last whig cabinet in the House of Lords; and by Lord John Russell himself and the whig com-

moners in the earlier stages—until, as Mr. Smith O'Brien informed his Irish audience at Conciliation Hall this week, it afforded opportunity for a vote to turn the ministry out. In fact, opinion on the subject of Ireland has matured with a suddenness unparalleled; but it was too late for Sir Robert Peel to throw away the bill which his own colleagues had introduced. It is negatived by the house: he now knows better what ground may be taken up in Irish pacification; and there is no “inconsistency” in his declaring a better ground than that of coercion.

But that which has perhaps caused the greatest shock to sensitive souls is Sir Robert's tribute to the great anti-corn-law agitator. The merit of repealing the corn-laws, he said, was due neither to himself nor to Lord John Russell, but solely to “Richard Cobden.” Some people are puzzled as to the motive of the avowal, and of course are ready enough to find a bad one. The motive appears to us not recondite. Sir Robert Peel's strength, throughout his late career, to its triumphant close, has lain in his abiding by the plain truth; and his purpose was to give that plain truth a crowning avowal. There was, however, some little exaggeration of phrase; which Richard Cobden does not need. His merit lay in giving animation to an abstract question of right—in organizing a public opinion which had been created. But even that organized public opinion, lacking the elements of popular revolution, which it did, might have floundered on for years in ineffectual importunity had not Sir Robert Peel endowed it with the full power of the Executive. Richard Cobden would have carried the measure sooner or later: that it is carried in 1846 is due to Robert Peel. And in awarding the “*suum cuique*,” there are others who ought not to be forgotten—Charles Villiers, whose motion was once a yearly scoff for short-sighted folks trusting in the majorities of the time being; Wolryche Whitmore, the predecessor of Charles Villiers in times of still remoter hope; and Colonel Thompson, who first popularized the science of the question, and supplied the instinctive common sense of the public with logical arguments and epigrammatic illustrations. The *corn-law catechism* was the ancestor of the Anti-Corn Law League. How necessary was the modern engine of agitation, is proved by the fact, that the author of the *catechism* is not in parliament to complete his work; so little of real “*public spirit*” is there in the constituencies!

Sir Robert Peel fitly closed his speech with a message of peace—the Oregon question is settled. “Lucky minister!” Ay, lucky are they who take pains to be so. In this instance the luck seems to have arisen from that judgment which shaped just such a measure as could be offered and adopted without derogation from the honor of either side.

Having laid down his power at the feet of the majority, Sir Robert Peel left the house, leaning on the arm of Sir George Clerk; and, having been recognized outside by a watching multitude—not a mob—he was escorted home to his private house in triumph. There was a contrast to the minister's triumphal return: his two antagonists—not the most illustrious but the most notorious—came away at the same time: their heads bent down, they seemed to shun recognition; and they were seen to pass away amid the scowls of those who did know them—lucky to escape in silence.

When all is done, you ask, what is the one

great cause for this general and intense apprehension of Sir Robert Peel's merits? It is not merely that he carried the two bills—other men share that honor. There seems to be even a paradoxical reference to past times when he abided by what were not merits. That is the key to the question: the singular merit of the statesman, in the popular eyes, is his unprecedented sacrifice to attain a good for his country: he sacrificed place, power, a show of that outward “*consistency*” which is prized so highly; he had the moral courage to brave all obloquy, and sacrifice to his new convictions a frank avowal of his own past errors in judgment: in a word, he sacrificed the individual to the nation. All is paid, with interest.

No incident illustrates more forcibly the magnitude of what Sir Robert Peel has done for the country, than the remarkable contrast between the last whig attempt to form a cabinet and the present completion of one. Then, all was embarrassment, difficulty, impossibility: now, all is smoothness and facility. Then, the cry was, what will Lord John Russell do to carry corn-law repeal? how can he muster a cabinet?—now, the corn-laws are out of the way, and the cabinet is formed. It was so much a matter of course that there was no anxiety about it—nothing beyond the commonest curiosity.

It was not expected that the Russell whig cabinet would be more than a revival of the Melbourne one; and so, in its elements, it proves to be. This is the list.

#### IN THE CABINET.

Lord Chancellor, Lord Cottenham.  
President of the Council, Marquis of Lansdowne.  
Lord Privy Seal, Earl of Minto.  
Home Office, Sir George Grey.  
Colonial Office, Earl Grey.  
Foreign Office, Viscount Palmerston.  
First Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Russell.  
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Charles Wood.  
Chancellor of the Dutchy of Lancaster, Lord Campbell.  
Paymaster General, Mr. Macaulay.  
Woods and Forests, Viscount Morpeth.  
Postmaster General, Marquis of Clanricarde.  
Board of Trade, Earl of Clarendon.  
Board of Control, Sir John Cam Hobhouse.  
Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Labouchere.  
Admiralty, Earl of Aukland.

#### NOT IN THE CABINET.

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, Earl of Besborough.  
Commander-in-chief, Duke of Wellington.  
Master-General of Ordnance, Marquis of Anglesey.

Here we see the old familiar cards, only shifted. Still there is change both in the adaptation of men to particular offices and in the circumstances; and on the whole the change is for the better.

In glancing down the list, the eye is first stopped by the name of Sir George Grey as home secretary. Although not unknown for ability in official routine, and although Sir George made a marked improvement in his style of speaking, (relieving the fluent level with smart personalities,) he has yet to show what powers he has to undertake this very important office. Times are tranquil, but they may not always be so; and the home secretary cannot “*exchange*” at the prospect of danger, like a dandy officer. And even to support a comparison in mere administrative ability, the successor of Sir James Graham has no light task.

“*Foreign office—Viscount Palmerston*”: well,

the fear of that sound has passed. The troublesome dangerous questions in America are settled—just in time. Lord Palmerston, with capital tact, improved the last opportunity to pay a propitiatory visit to Paris, and assuaged old rancors in that quarter. Moreover, the lesson which was received at Christmas, when the same appointment of foreign secretary destroyed a ministry in embryo, no doubt taught the whig leaders that Lord Palmerston's license must be settled beforehand; and it is to be presumed that a clear understanding has been come to on that head. The fact that Earl Grey, who protested before, has consented to sit in the cabinet now with the very clever Viscount, is some guarantee.

Of Lord Grey, in the colonial department, the very highest expectations are formed. Should he disappoint them, it will be a public misfortune; as the chances of party have put forward no second statesman to supply the place which he is expected to fill.

Mr. Charles Wood possesses aptitude for finance, knowledge, and general ability; and good is assured from his elevation to the Exchequer.

Lord Clarendon has earned a reputation in commercial diplomacy; he has also the reputation of earnestness and soundness in view; the way for a minister of commerce is now so well marked out that he can scarcely fail.

The reappointment of Sir John Hobhouse—lazy, negligent, and an abettor of the Afghan war—is unpopular with the Indian public at home, and will be so in India; it is too great a concession to individual "claims" upon party connections.

Lord Aukland also lost as well as won laurels in the East. Lord Ellenborough succeeded him in India as vice-king, and now he succeeds Lord Ellenborough at the Admiralty as first lord; so there is party compensation at least.

Lord Besborough, when Lord Duncannon, was well known to the public as a liberal but thorough-going whig; Irish affairs are well known to him; but it is not so well known whether he has the peculiar capacity for coping with the great "difficulty" of the day.

The Duke of Wellington opened his mouth on Monday, to do little more than utter a kind of general order announcing the retirement of the ministry. Afterwards, at a private interview with Lord John Russell, he is said to have declared that henceforth his mouth is to be closed on political subjects: he relapses into the mere military commander. So he says; but we look forward yet to some bits of his plain naïve good sense on suitable occasion.

Such is the cabinet: what is its premier? Recently we feared that he was the same punctilious cadet of "the house of Bedford" who would have headed a crusade to preach the particular doctrines of Lord John, but would not soil his glove in any other quarrel. Some rumors, however, indicate conversions on his part too. According to their showing, he has become alive to a true sense of the juncture, has looked a little beyond the whig circle, and actually has invited to join his ministry the most popular young members of the late government—even the three named by the *Spectator*, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Lincoln, and Mr. Sydney Herbert! The invitation failed of immediate effect; but the will may be taken for the deed. We begin to suspect that Lord John is a more promising student of living history than we gave

him credit for being; and we shall watch his new career with interest. He left office at a time of commercial difficulty and impending revolt: he returns to it in time of prosperity, profound tranquillity at home, and peace with all the world. His old difficulties have vanished: Ireland has grown to be one for the whigs as well as for their political rivals; but the great new difficulty is to keep pace with the immense progress achieved while he has been out of office. Surely, however, he may count on a fair trial in that arduous enterprise.

The Anti-Corn Law League is dissolved; its council "suspended," to be evoked at any attempt to revive the corn-laws. The league celebrates its own euthanasia with a golden chime, voting to its retiring chairman a cool ten thousand! There is nothing to complain of in that politic munificence. The league has earned its money: there is just the shadow of a chance that it may be wanted again, to stop attempts at reviving the corn-laws; and it is well to let it repose on its watch with the dormant vigor of an energetic life in it. The staff of servants who retire on their fees will have quick ears, should the suspended council need "flappers" to awaken it at the sound of danger.

Of course a ministerial crisis could not pass without a manifesto from Mr. O'Connell: and accordingly the member for Ireland has done his best to comply with the exigency. Nothing new was expected, and nothing new was produced; but, as usual, he issues a long schedule of grievances to be redressed, first in voluminous minuteness, then in brief. There is evidently a growing fear lest the accession of the whigs should be detrimental to the interests of the organized repeal agitation, by decoying away adherents: to counteract that dreaded influence, Mr. Smith O'Brien and others are industriously engaged in talking down the suspected tempters; whose support even of this last coercion bill is made a strong point against them. The repeal leaders, exhausted in shows of patriotism, beginning to quarrel among themselves at the instigation of self-love, know that they can no longer afford to tamper with avowed whig alliances. Ireland, we say, is likely to be *Lord John Russell's* "difficulty."

The Oregon question is settled. The American government have adopted, without altering a word, the final proposition made by this government. That proposition was based on the modified American offer, "the 49th parallel," said by intelligent people to be the last inch that the fierce democracy would yield. But the British government made two qualifying proposals, which did not interfere with the integrity of the American position: the 49th parallel was taken, not to the broad ocean, but to the salt waters only; the boundary to deflect southwards in the strait of San Juan de Fuca; thus leaving to England the whole of Vancouver's Island, with a command of the entrance to the strait. Moreover, England reserves a right of way up the Columbia river. Some doubt has been expressed as to the duration of this right—whether it is to be perpetual, or only during the currency of the charter to the Hudson's Bay Company. There is nothing to show for the limited interpretation. England will keep the right so long as she thinks it useful and the two countries are not at war; in the latter case, to lose it or to vindicate it *vi et armis*.—*Spectator*, 4th July.

## THE OREGON TREATY.

THE great difficulty of fixing a frontier line between the territories of Great Britain and the United States in the north-west of America has at length been solved; and so rejoiced must every rational person in the two countries be at the mere fact of the solution, that few are inclined to criticise and carp upon the conditions. The difficulty was not so to fix the frontier line as would best reconcile, and least militate against, the real interests of both countries, but to satisfy public opinion as to the dignity of the nations being equally consulted.

Last year the pretensions of the two countries seemed quite irreconcilable. Successive English governments had peremptorily refused to entertain the idea, or even consider the preference, of any frontier north of the Columbia. The trade of the great fur company had for years floated down and up that river, on the bank of which were its main establishments, with ramifications and forts and stations extending north and south. On the other hand, the Americans, feeling themselves entitled to at least half the region, insisted that bounding them by the southern bank of the Columbia gave them not only less than half the territory and the coast, but of the coast or the harbor literally gave them nothing.

Mr. Polk and his public thought that the best means of forcing British opinion, and, consequently, the British ministry down to a more feasible and fair compromise was to bluster, to put forth extreme and extravagant pretensions, and plainly point to war as an alternative. We are sorry to say this has had the desired effect. Our tory chiefs put on a bold aspect, but took care at the same time to inquire, was the object in dispute worth fighting for? The Hudson's Bay Company had the monopoly of the disputed territory. It was asked, what was their tenure worth? The company replied, that in ten years they would have killed every head of game and skinned every beaver in the region, and that for other purposes they cared not for it. To go to war for land so estimated, and for a ten years' monopoly of some score of skins, seemed unwise, and the territory up to the 49th degree and the Straits of Fuca was offered to be given up. The only regret is, that this was not done long since, and that these concessions were not made to the pacific and courteous Mr. Webster, instead of to the blustering Mr. Polk.

Another difficult question was the free navigation of the river Columbia, which the American president declared could never be permanently yielded, and which the British government had always insisted on as due to the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as to the dignity of this country. This difficulty has been adroitly got rid of by stipulating the free navigation of the river for the Hudson's Bay Company, and those trading with it. Such stipulation will no doubt be of use as long as the company keep up their establishments at Fort Vancouver, and as long as they hunt the regions east and west of the upper part of that river. But all this tract they confess would of itself have been exhausted in ten years, and now, of course, will be abandoned sooner. As soon as the Hudson's Bay agents shall have ceased to collect furs and to distribute stores in those regions south of the 49th parallel, the navigation of the Columbia will no longer be either wanted or used by them. A glance at the map will in a moment show that from

Fort Langley, or the mouth of Fuca's river, it will be ten times as short and as facile to carry goods to any part or parts of the Columbia north of the 49th degree as to transport them from the mouth of the Columbia. The free navigation of the Columbia will thus become a dead letter in a very few years, even if there be no understanding as to its more formal abrogation.

In a military point of view, and looking to a secure and permanent colony, the possession of the whole of Vancouver's island answers every object of Great Britain in that part of the world. Notwithstanding the pertinacious struggle of the two countries for the mouth of the Columbia, it is more than probable that, now it has decidedly fallen to the United States, they will not be inclined to expend much labor on it, but that, on the contrary, the Admiralty Inlet and the southern shore of Fuca's Straits will attract them. In this case these straits will become the most active centre, and the presence of both nations in it will mutually aid each other's prosperity by the supply of mutual wants. It is remarkable that the Hudson's Bay Company has already preferred using Admiralty Inlet to the Columbia river, and that a portage of ninety miles had been established from the inlet to the Cowlisse river, so to avoid the difficulties of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. In the division of the north-western region of America the British have preserved the same great advantages which they possess on the north-eastern coast, viz., the possession of the great coal-fields, so indispensable to their navigation. All know the unrivalled advantages of Nova Scotia, in this respect, to all the neighboring American states. And, according to Mr. Dunn's account, the vicinity of Fort M'Loughlin, within our Oregon limits, abounds in coal fields, which are not mere matter of speculation, but have been worked and tried by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

It seems, that the final conclusion of the Oregon treaty will enable England to come forward as mediatrix between the United States and Mexico. Our accepting that treaty at such a moment proves how far England is from wishing to take advantage of a moment of embarrassment to hurt or press the United States. There will, therefore, be a strong party in Washington for accepting our mediation. Indeed, there is a good prospect of a far better understanding on all points between this country and the United States than has presented itself for many years.—*Examiner, 4th July.*

## THE ANTI-CORN-LAW LEAGUE.

It is now nearly four years ago since we commented upon "the great fact" of our epoch. From that time up to the present, its development has been more than commensurate with our expectations. Its fruits have anticipated the period of our predictions. Its destiny is—to all visible and conjectural purposes—completed. And now, in the moment of triumph—at the *apex* of its power—the Anti-corn-law League subsides into a voluntary repose which, but for some sudden and unexpected strategy of its assailants, will merge into a voluntary extinction.

The history of this confederacy has been most curious. Of itself it is a political phenomenon, the full interest of which will be more fully realized by the historian or the philosopher of future days than in our own time. But it will be more inter-

esting in its consequences, even at a distant day, than in the immediate and fiscal objects on the attainment of which its energies were concentrated, and with the possession of which its ambition is satisfied. It would be unreasonable to suppose that an organization so perfect and so successful as this should not hereafter be followed by others inspired by the same hopes, resting on similar sympathies, and conducted by men of a like character. The prospect of such new creations—whether ordained for good or for evil—gives additional importance to that which has been the first of them in time, in fortune, and popularity.

The progress of the league is without its parallel in history. The summary of it—now familiar to the world—as sketched by its chairman at the recent meeting in Manchester, is this:—In the year 1838 a small body of gentlemen connected with manufactures and commerce met in Manchester.—Amongst them were a few members of Parliament friendly to free trade, but not persons of large political, or, indeed, any other than mercantile interest. They were reinforced by some manufacturers in the neighborhood. The first sum of money which they subscribed amounted only to £3,000. This was afterwards increased to £6,000. Delegates from the young association visited London to watch the proceedings of parliament. Agitators travelled, and pamphlets were distributed, all over England. No means were neglected by which the doctrines of free trade could be brought home to the understandings and sympathies of the people. But the legislature and the ministry still remained hostile to them. The year 1841 ended in gloom, uncertainty, and distress. Trade was stagnant, employment interrupted; the pressure of severe destitution was followed by the natural rebound of disaffection and turbulence. Violent partisans of one side tried to turn this crisis to the advantage of the leaguers; partisans equally violent on the other side sought to twist it to their prejudice. But men of modern polities and judicious minds saw that the time was arriving when it would be necessary to adjust the balance between the demands of a formidable agitation and a powerful aristocracy by a peaceful and opportune compromise. We ourselves warned the minister of the consequences which must ensue from a pertinacious rejection of moderate counsels. Those consequences have ensued. At that time, however, apprehensions were derided, and predictions sneered at. The annual motions continued to be made in parliament, and to be made without avail. In 1843 the Free Trade Hall was opened in Manchester, and the subscription of the year announced to be £44,000. Then the meeting of the growing association was transferred from its parent city to London. Covent Garden opened its doors to an unwonted audience and unusual performers. For the first time in our country's history, the presumed representatives of Puritanism were heard haranguing at 10 o'clock at night on the boards of the national drama. Mr. Leader jostled Mr. Fox; Mr. Fox elbowed Mr. Bright; and Mr. Bright fraternized with Lord Radnor. Men of fashion talked democracy; men of rank threatened a revolution. These gatherings gained in attraction, in popularity, and finally in influence. Whilst Mr. Cobden was bearing the brunt of the battle in the house of commons, and by his strong sense and logical faculty unconsciously convincing the prime minister by whom he was opposed, Messrs. Fox and Bright, by the aid of weapons

less powerful over individual intellects, but more mighty to move popular passions, were doing their work in Covent Garden. The year 1844 witnessed similar operations and similar fruits to 1843—lectures, discussions, and public meetings. The subscriptions had increased to £100,000. And then began the last movement—that of the registration. But the effect of this was anticipated. The forces which were thus slowly but surely accumulating were spared the struggle to which they looked forward, and were led to the desired victory by the chieftain whom they were enlisted to fight against.

Such is the outline of a history fraught with many reflections and potent example. The abolition of the corn law is of itself a great achievement. Whoever had done this—whatever minister or whatever party—would have done an act of great importance, and, we firmly believe, of general good. But the mere abolition of duties on corn does not limit the magnitude of the exertions or the example of the league. The league is the first seedling of the reform bill. For the first time an association essentially popular in its origin, and all but exceptionally popular in its composition, has dictated its own terms to a proud aristocracy and an ancient monarchy. Heretofore it has been a section of two leading parties that has made or retarded our great revolutions. The whig peers and proprietors made the revolution of 1688. The tory peers and landowners retarded the revolution of 1833. But the revolution of 1846 is due to the people. It is the first systematic embodiment of the people's will and the people's intelligence. Cobden, the leader and champion of the movement, Wilson, Fox, Bright, are all men of the people, unconnected with influential families, and unassociated with historic names. This is an omen of promise to the strength of the people; and, if the experiment founded on their accordant wishes realize all that has been predicted of it, then it will likewise be a guaranty of their prudence, their justice, and their moderation.

We have said that the consequences of this new development will be traced by future writers and watched by future statesmen. The league falls into a repose which may precede either an expected dissolution or an unexpected revival. But the spirit which has animated it will not sleep. The powers which it has aroused will not relapse into perpetual stupor. A great experiment has been made. The middle classes of England have learned the value and efficacy of an organized union. Hereafter, when the minister lags behind the demands of the people, or the parliament is stubborn in resisting them, the momentous contest of 1846 will infuse hopefulness and determination into the minds of the offended remonstrants, and will teach them that there is something stronger than class interests or parliamentary parties.

For our own part, we confess that we have no desire to see the necessity of such a revival, or the repetition of such an experiment. We have a prejudice in favor of the forms and mechanism prescribed by our constitution. They may be tedious—they may be intricate—but they are safe. The present revolution has been consummated without any loss, without any risk. No blood has been shed. The funds have not fallen. Nothing has been endangered but the ministry by which it was supported. It has been a peaceful crisis—a pacific conquest. But for all this we know who are the

victors, and we recognize the means which made them so; and these we would eschew for the future. We know, indeed, that he who was the life and soul of the present agitation was driven into this course by no vanity, no love of praise, no ambition, but simply by an earnest purpose and a business-like desire to effect a practical remedy of a positive evil; but we do not know that there were not others who took it up, not from any absorbing devotion to free trade, but from interest, ambition, and love of excitement. In all great popular movements there will be two classes of men—the one anxious to make the agitation subservient to the cause they advocate, the other only studious of making the cause subservient to the agitation. As popular movements increase, this latter class will increase also. England will be filled by provincial associations and roving rhetoricians. Every new grievance will give birth to a new society, and every society will diffuse its countless pamphlets and its unprincipled lecturers.

This will be an evil. But it will not be the only one. Two greater evils can be conceived to be not improbable. The one is, that of collision between the people out of doors and the parliament within; the other, that of a capitulation signed by a minister in the eleventh hour, at the expense of a party long deluded into confidence, and the sacrifice of principles long professed with obstinacy. The one would be tantamount to a civil war, the other, to a destruction of public faith. May many years elapse before England witnesses either of these great calamities!—*Times, 4th July.*

#### GUIZOT AND THIERS.

THE French Chambers are much employed in preparation for the general election, which is expected to take place about the beginning of August. The ministerial strength has been tried, and not found wanting. The great speeches of Guizot and Thiers were electioneering speeches—announcements of the grounds on which the rivals are preparing to appeal to the constituencies throughout France. As orators, Guizot and Thiers are not unequal, though very dissimilar: widely different, both are effective. As statesmen, they perhaps approach more closely than would at first sight appear; both are literary men still more than men of action. This feature, however, is most obvious in Thiers: in him the brilliant and the love of the brilliant predominate, and impart an unreal character to his programmes of policy: he speaks for effect, and says what he thinks will produce an effect at the moment; hence his speech of this year often contradicts that of last year. Affecting the reputation of a dexterous intriguer and daring performer of *coup d'état*, he is ambitious of being that of which he is only fitted to be the historian or panegyrist. Men admire, but distrust him. With less of brilliancy and more of sentiment, a just estimate of his own powers has made Guizot take a very different line: he is at pains to be consistent and plausible; though the littérateur predominates over the statesman in him equally as in Thiers, he knows better how to act the statesman's rôle. There is on the whole, too, more of sincerity in Guizot than in Thiers. It is the cue of the latter at present to be the leader of a constitutional party: but he is not the man to allow forms to stand in the way of his ambition. Guizot, on the contrary, too clear-sighted to attempt in the young constitutional government of

France the strict observance of constitutional forms which the practice and precedents of a century have made possible in England, will probably be found adhering more closely to such a policy as a constitutional minister ought to pursue. From the majority obtained by the French ministers in the late division in the Chamber of Deputies, it does not follow that they will be equally strong after the elections. When we consider, however, how much of Guizot's strength is attributable to his success in creating an impression that he is a safe minister, the great influence exercised by the executive in the elections by the centralization of appointments, the pacific policy of the king, and the growing importance of the industrial interests, it is scarcely conceivable that the conservative party, the party of the peace minister, can be materially weakened.—*Spectator.*

POPE Gregory the Sixteenth departed this life on Monday the 1st of June. He had long labored under a chronic affection in the legs, in consequence of his habit of remaining during the greater part of the day seated at his desk; and it is reported that the more immediate cause of death was a surgical operation performed on one of his legs, which produced violent inflammation, and terminated fatally in a few days.

The *Journal des Débats* gives the following particulars of his late Holiness:—

"Mauro Capellari was born at Belluno, on the 18th September, 1765. A Camaldolite monk, Capellari had rendered himself celebrated in his order by his ecclesiastical science and his deep knowledge of the ancient and modern languages of the east. A reputation of doctrine and of regularity which had spread beyond the cloister, and the general regard entertained for his character, had secured to the humble monk, long before he was summoned to the Sacred College, a consideration equal to that of the princes of the church. In March, 1825, Leo the Twelfth raised him to the dignity of a cardinal; and soon after, he was placed at the head of the vast and important administration of the Propaganda, for which, by his African and Asiatic erudition, he was especially suited; and the talents he displayed in it confirmed his great reputation for capacity. In the conclave of 1828, Mauro Capellari was one of the cardinals most favored by public opinion, and most violently opposed, in the conclave, by what is called the Austrian party. In the conclave of 1831, Cardinal Pacca, who was supported by that party, the leader of which was Cardinal Albani, had obtained nineteen votes at the ballot before last, and Cardinal Capellari twenty-six; but at the last ballot six or seven votes escaped Cardinal Albani's influence, and Cardinal Capellari obtained the majority. He had been elected Pope on the 2d of February, 1831; and ascended the pontifical throne under the name of Gregory the Sixteenth."

Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne is to proceed forthwith to Rome, to attend the conclave of the Sacred College, which is to assemble immediately, to elect a new pope. At the election of popes, three powers—namely, Austria, France, and Spain—have each the privilege of annulling the first election, should the choice of the Sacred College be disagreeable to them. Cardinal de la Tour d'Auvergne will exercise this power in the name of the French government. It is understood that Spain will act in concert with France on this occasion.

From the *Athenaeum*.

## CORAL FISHERY.

THERE is no port on the Bay of Naples which presents so bustling a scene at this season of the year as Torre del Greco. Hundreds, I may say thousands, of mariners are now here, assembled from various parts of the coast, dressed out in their rich Phrygian caps and scarlet sashes, ready to start for the coral fishery. At last, the weather begins to brighten—the tempestuous sirocco and the roysterer tramontana retire within their caves; and, a favorable breeze springing up, soon they “are upon the Mediterranean flote,” in little detachments according to their destination. What lamentations may then be heard amongst mothers, or wives, or sweethearts, who have thronged down to Torre to take a last farewell! But courage!—a mass has been said, or a candle offered to the Madonna; and now, to complete the “buoni augurij,” these loving companions throw a handful of sand after the receding bark—exclaiming, “*Possa andare come una nave degli angeli.*” Having lately been in the midst of these scenes, and interested myself in the details of this profitable branch of commerce, I send you what may be called the statistics of the coral fishery.

The coral fishery is a source of more profit than is, perhaps, generally known; and is attended with hardships, the bare thought of which might diminish some of that natural vanity with which the fair one contemplates the glowing ornaments that repose upon and contrast with her white bosom. I was standing on the *marina*, when I witnessed such a scene as I have described—a party of gaily-dressed mariners, accompanied by women weeping and wailing as our northern females know not how to do. Their short and simple story was soon learnt; and the particulars I now send you as the result of my inquiries.

Torre is the principal port in the south of Italy for the vessels engaged in the coral fishery—about 200 vessels setting out from hence every year. They have generally a tonnage of from 7 to 14 tons, and carry from 8 to 12 hands; so that about 2,000 men are engaged in this trade—and, in case of an emergency, would form a famous *corps de reserve*. They generally consist of the young and hardy and adventurous, or else the wretchedly poor; for it is only the bold spirit of youth, or the extreme misery of the married man, which would send them forth upon this service. For two or three months previous to the commencement of the season, many a wretched mariner leaves his starving family, and, as a last resource, sells himself to the proprietor of one or other of these barks; receiving a *caparra*, (earnest-money,) with which he returns to his home. This, perhaps, is soon dissipated, and he again returns and receives an addition to his *caparra*; so that, when the time of final departure arrives, it not unfrequently happens that the whole of his scanty pay has been consumed, and the improvident or unhappy rogue has some months of hard labor in prospect, without the hope of another *grano* of compensation. Nor does the proprietor run any risk in making this prepayment; for as the mariner can make no engagement without presenting his passport perfectly *en règle*, he is under the surveillance of a vigilant police. The agreement between the parties is made from the month of March to the Feast of San Michael (29th September) for vessels destined for the Barbary coast—and from March to the Feast of the Madonna del Rosario (October 2) for those whose

destination is nearer home. Each man receives from 20 to 40 ducats, according to his age or skill, for the whole voyage; whilst the captain receives from 150 to 400 ducats—reckoning 6 ducats to 1*l.* sterling. These preliminaries being settled, let us imagine them now on full wing—some for the coast of Barbary, and others for that of Sardinia, or Leghorn, or Civita Vecchia, or the Islands of Capri, San Pietro, or Ventotene, near which I have often seen them, hour after hour, and day after day, dragging for the treasures of the vasty deep. On arriving at the port nearest to the spot where they mean to fish, the “carte” are sent in to the consul; which they are compelled to take again on return. A piastre is paid by each vessel for the magic endorsement of his excellenza—another to the druggist, and another to the medical man; whilst the captain, to strengthen his power, and to secure indemnity in case of some of those gentle excesses which bilious captains are sometimes apt to commit, has generally on board some private “regalo” for his consul. The next morning perhaps they push out to sea, and commence operations; not to return that evening, or the next, or the next, but to remain at sea for a fortnight or a month at a time, working night and day without intermission. The more humane captains allow half their crews to repose from Ave Maria to midnight, and the other half from midnight to the break of day; others allow only two hours’ repose at a time; whilst some, again, allow no regular time;—“so that,” said a poor mariner to me, “we sleep as we can, either standing, or as we haul in the nets. Nor do they fare better than they sleep: for the whole time they have nothing—literally nothing—but biscuit and water; whilst the captain, as a privileged person, has his dish of dried beans or haricots boiled. Should they, however, have a run of good luck, and put into port once in 15 days or so, they are indulged with a feast of maccaroni. These privations make it rather rough work, it must be confessed, for a mariner—especially when it is remembered that it lasts seven months; but if to this be added the brutality of the captains, whose tyranny and cruelty, as I have heard, exceeds anything that has ever been recounted to me before, we have a combination of sufferings which go far to justify the description given to me of this service by one engaged in it, as being an “inferno terrestre.”

Now let us view them at work. Every vessel carries about 12 contaj (a contajo being 200 pounds) of hemp to make the nets, which are changed every week. They are about 7 or 10 palmi in width, and 100 or 120 palmi in length—worked very loosely, and with large meshes. On being thrown into the sea, the vessel is put before the wind, or else propelled by oars, until these loosely-formed nets have fastened upon a rock. Then comes the tug of war. If they have great good fortune, they will take a piece of 2 or 3 rotoli at a haul, (a rotolo being 33 ounces,) though this is a rare occurrence. In its natural state, the coral is either white or red, or even black externally, from the action of the sea. The white is very rare and very precious; comparatively a small quantity being sufficient to make a good voyage—especially if it be taken “ingrosso,” when it will fetch as high as 100 ducati, or more, the rotolo. The red “a minuto” is not very valuable; but if it is “scelta” and “ingrosso,” it can be sold for from 25 up to 60 ducati the rotolo. As a rule, however, the round-shaped coral is much more valuable than the tree or the spiral coral.

Full fathoms five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made—

So sang Ariel ; without, I suppose, intending to lay down any rule as to the depth at which coral may be found. Indeed, it is found at all depths, from 12 to 16 palmi up to 150, or even more. At last, arrives the Feast of San Michaele, or of the Madonna del Rosario. As soon as the day dawns, the nets are slackened ; no man will work more, even if treasures are in prospect. So, pushing into land, and taking up their "carte," away they set on their return—many as poor as when they departed ; some with a few ducats in "sacco," and a new Phrygian cap, or dashing sash, or some article of finery, for the "innamorata"—all, however, being thoroughly tired out, and injured perhaps in constitution. The cargo being deposited in the "magazzin" of the merchant, is sold out to the retail merchants, who flock in from Naples and elsewhere ; and is soon transformed into numerous articles of ornament or superstition—crosses, amulets, necklaces and bracelets. And now, these mariners have a long repose, till the spring comes round and sends them out again on this odious service—though there are very few who make two or three consecutive voyages of this nature. Many vessels are lost in the season ; owing to their long-continued exposure to all kinds of weather, and to their lying in amongst the coral reefs. However prosperous the voyage, life aboard the vessels "è la vita d'uno cane." Yet the service may be regarded as one of the most important in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies ; as well for the wealth it annually brings in, as also for the school it offers for training hardy, well-disciplined mariners.

From the Examiner.

*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Pickering.

THIS is a charming little book of fairy tales, and excellently well translated. But why the tales should be called Danish, we do not perceive ; except inasmuch as a Dane is the author. There is an occasional northern coloring, but only so far as it could not be helped. All the rest is so free from everything national or exclusive, that we do not remember to have met with any production so given up to a sense of the variety of being that exists in the universe. At times it is even painfully so. We have so strong a sense given us of the feelings of ducks and ducklings ; of swans and storks ; of mermen and mermaidens ; of nightingales, flowers, and daisies ; even of slugs and cuttle-fish ; and of what all sorts of animated creatures round about us, think, do, and might say if they could speak ; that one's consciousness as a human being almost becomes lost in the crowd. We begin to feel as Mrs. Gulliver did, when her husband returned from Houynhnum land ; and think we might as well take to being of a different species.

We need not say that it implies a rare and surprising art to convey such impressions as these. When Johnson laughed at Goldsmith for thinking of writing a story in which "little fish" should be the actors, the author of *Animated Nature* very properly told him that it was not so easy a matter as he thought it ; and that if he (Johnson) were to write such a story, he would make his little fish talk like "great whales." There is no such con-

fusion of ideas in Mr. Hans Christian Andersen. His whales and his little fish all talk in character. We are not sure that we ourselves, after reading his book, could not have talked at pleasure like sharks, minnows, mermaids, bulls, ducks, or *green peas*. For his vegetables have as much conversational character as his ducks and geese. Nay, his very peg-tops and balls are full of individuality. There is a pathetic *Daisy*, (in his story of that name,) who is quite a "sweet creature" for the pastoral beauty of her tongue ; and in another story there is a *Leather Ball* of so aristocratical a character, that when proposals are made to her by a *Peg-Top* because they happen to have been companions in the same drawer, she indignantly asks him whether he is aware that her "father and mother were morocco slippers," and that she has "cork in her body."

We are here however, it may be said, confusing the specific and the superinduced character. Mr. Anderson keeps all clear. He has so just a sense of the necessity of adhering to verisimilitude, and of the forgetfulness of it on the part of writers in general, that he introduces one of his stories with a remark that ought to become proverbial : "In China, the emperor is Chinese."

Some of his descriptive touches recall the wonderful observation and exquisitely graphic felicity of Mr. Dickens. There is a wretched little hut in the tale of the *Ugly Duckling*, "so wretched that it knew not on which side to fall, and therefore remained standing."

Admirable is the picture of the stork, parading about on his long red legs, "discoursing in Egyptian, which language he had learned from his mother." Who does not feel that Egyptian is the very language that, by way of accomplishment, a stork would know ? The touches of this kind are innumerable.

The fault of the book (if we must find one) is, that all the stories have too much meaning ; that they overflow with intention and moral ; not always obviously, sometimes obscurely, but still with incessant intelligence. You desire occasionally something more childish and less clever. And some of the stories are too long. But the genius and refinement are undeniable.

We must give an extract, and are somewhat at a loss, so many of the tales have such strong claims. But with all the fairy fancy of the volume in general, perhaps the best story nevertheless is that which is least fairy-like. It is called the *Emperor's New Clothes* ; and is so admirable an illustration of the spirit of *Humbug*, and of the way in which the great and small vulgar agree to cant about what they do not believe, that we are tempted to give it entire.

#### THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES.

"Many years ago there was an emperor, who was so excessively fond of new clothes that he spent all his money in dress. He did not trouble himself in the least about his soldiers ; nor did he care to go either to the theatre or the chase, except for the opportunities then afforded him for displaying his new clothes. He had a different suit for each hour of the day ; and as of any other king or emperor, one is accustomed to say, 'He is sitting in council,' it was always said of him, 'The emperor is sitting in his wardrobe.'

"Time passed away merrily in the large town which was his capital ; strangers arrived every day at the court. One day, two rogues, calling them-

selves weavers, made their appearance. They gave out that they knew how to weave stuffs of the most beautiful colors and elaborate patterns, the clothes manufactured from which should have the wonderful property of remaining invisible to every one who was unfit for the office he held, or who was extraordinarily simple in character.

"These must indeed be splendid clothes!" thought the emperor. "Had I such a suit, I might, at once, find out what men in my realms are unfit for their office, and also be able to distinguish the wise from the foolish! This stuff must be woven for me immediately." And he caused large sums of money to be given to both the weavers, in order that they might begin their work directly.

"So the two pretended weavers set up two looms, and affected to work very busily, though in reality they did nothing at all. They asked for the most delicate silk and the purest gold thread; put both into their own knapsacks; and then continued their pretended work at the empty looms until late at night.

"I should like to know how the weavers are getting on with my cloth," said the emperor to himself, after some little time had elapsed; he was, however, rather embarrassed, when he remembered that a simpleton, or one unfit for his office, would be unable to see the manufacture. "To be sure," he thought, "he had nothing to risk in his own person; but yet he would prefer sending somebody else to bring him intelligence about the weavers and their work before he troubled himself in the affair." All the people throughout the city had heard of the wonderful property the cloth was to possess; and all were anxious to learn how wise, or how ignorant their neighbors might prove to be.

"I will send my faithful old minister to the weavers," said the emperor, at last, after some deliberation, "he will be best able to see how the cloth looks; for he is a man of sense, and no one can be more suitable for his office than he is."

"So the faithful old minister went into the hall, where the knaves were working with all their might at their empty looms. "What can be the meaning of this?" thought the old man, opening his eyes very wide. "I cannot discover the least bit of thread on the looms!" however, he did not express his thoughts aloud.

"The impostors requested him very courteously to be so good as to come nearer their looms; and then asked him whether the design pleased him, and whether the colors were not very beautiful; at the same time pointing to the empty frames. The poor old minister looked and looked, he could not discover anything on the looms, for a very good reason, viz., there was nothing there. "What!" thought he again, "is it possible that I am a simpleton? I have never thought so myself; and no one must know it now if I am so. Can it be that I am unfit for my office? No, that must not be said either. I will never confess that I could not see the stuff."

"Well, sir minister?" said one of the knaves, still pretending to work, "you do not say whether the stuff pleases you."

"Oh, it is excellent!" replied the old minister, looking at the loom through his spectacles. "This pattern, and the colors—yes, I will tell the emperor without delay, how very beautiful I think them."

"We shall be much obliged to you," said the

impostors, and then they named the different colors and described the pattern of the pretended stuff. The old minister listened attentively to their words, in order that he might repeat them to the emperor; and then the knaves asked for more silk and gold, saying that it was necessary to complete what they had begun. However, they put all that was given them into their knapsacks; and continued to work with as much apparent diligence as before at their empty looms.

The emperor now sent another officer of his court to see how the men were getting on, and to ascertain whether the cloth would soon be ready. It was just the same with this gentleman as with the minister; he surveyed the looms on all sides, but could see nothing at all but the empty frames.

"Does not the stuff appear as beautiful to you as it did to my lord the minister?" asked the impostors of the emperor's second ambassador; at the same time making the same gestures as before, and talking of the design and colors which were not there.

"I certainly am not stupid!" thought the messenger. "It must be, that I am not fit for my good, profitable office! That is very odd; however, no one shall know anything about it." And accordingly he praised the stuff he could not see, and declared that he was delighted with both colors and patterns. "Indeed, please your imperial majesty," said he to his sovereign, when he returned, "the cloth which the weavers are preparing is extraordinarily magnificent."

The whole city was talking of the splendid cloth which the emperor had ordered to be woven at his own expense.

And now the emperor himself wished to see the costly manufacture, whilst it was still on the loom. Accompanied by a select number of officers of the court, among whom where the two honest men who had already admired the cloth, he went to the crafty impostors, who, as soon as they were aware of the emperor's approach, went on working more diligently than ever; although they still did not pass a single thread through the looms.

"Is not the work absolutely magnificent?" said the two officers of the crown, already mentioned. "If your majesty will only be pleased to look at it! what a splendid design! what glorious colors!" and at the same time they pointed to the empty frames; for they imagined that every one else could see this exquisite piece of workmanship.

"How is this?" said the emperor to himself. "I can see nothing! this is indeed a terrible affair! Am I a simpleton, or am I unfit to be an emperor? that would be the worst thing that could happen—Oh! the cloth is charming," said he, aloud. "It has my complete approbation." And he smiled most graciously, and looked closely at the empty looms: for on no account would he say that he could not see what two of the officers of his court had praised so much. All his retinue now strained their eyes, hoping to discover something on the looms, but they could see no more than the others; nevertheless, they all exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" and advised his majesty to have some new clothes made from this splendid material, for the approaching procession. "Magnificent! charming! excellent!" resounded on all sides, and every one was uncommonly gay. The emperor shared in the general satisfaction; and presented the impostors with the riband of an order of knighthood,

to be worn in their button-holes, and the title of 'Gentlemen Weavers.'

"The rogues sat up the whole of the night before the day on which the procession was to take place, and had sixteen lights burning, so that every one might see how anxious they were to finish the emperor's new suit. They pretended to roll the cloth off the looms ; cut the air with their scissors ; and sewed with needles without any thread in them. ' See,' cried they at last, ' the emperor's new clothes are ready !'

And now the emperor, with all the grandees of his court, came to the weavers ; and the rogues raised their arms, as if in the act of holding something up, saying, ' Here are your majesty's trousers ! here is the scarf ! here is the mantle ! The whole suit is as light as a cobweb ; one might fancy one has nothing at all on, when dressed in it ; that, however, is the great virtue of this delicate cloth.'

"Yes, indeed,' said all the courtiers, although not one of them could see anything of this exquisite manufacture.

"If your imperial majesty will be graciously pleased to take off your clothes, we will fit on the new suit, in front of the looking-glass.'

The emperor was accordingly undressed, and the rogues pretended to array him in his new suit ; the emperor turning round, from side to side, before the looking-glass.

"How splendid his majesty looks in his new clothes ! and how well they fit !' every one cried out. ' What a design ! what colors ! these are indeed royal robes !'

"The canopy which is to be borne over your majesty in the procession is waiting,' announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready,' answered the emperor. ' Do my new clothes fit well ?' asked he, turning himself round again before the looking-glass, in order that he might appear to be examining his handsome suit.

The lords of the bed-chamber who were to carry his majesty's train felt about on the ground, as if they were lifting up the ends of the mantle, and pretended to be carrying something ; for they would by no means betray anything like simplicity, or unfitness for their office.

"So now the emperor walked under his high canopy in the midst of the procession, through the streets of his capitol, and all the people standing by, and those at the windows, cried out, ' Oh, how beautiful are our emperor's new clothes ! what a magnificent train there is to the mantle ; and how gracefully the scarf hangs !' in short, no one would allow that he could not see these much-admired clothes, because in doing so he would have declared himself either a simpleton, or unfit for his office. Certainly, none of the emperor's various suits had ever made so great an impression as these invisible ones.

"But the emperor has nothing at all on !' said a little child. ' Listen to the voice of innocence !' exclaimed his father ; and what the child had said was whispered from one to another.

"But he has nothing at all on !' at last cried out all the people. The emperor was vexed, for he knew that the people were right ; but he thought the procession must go on now ! And the lords of the bed-chamber took greater pains than ever to appear holding up a train, although, in reality, there was no train to hold."

Apply this, O ye conventionalists, quacks, and

pretenders of all kinds ! to your own everyday proceedings, and endeavor to be little children in the school of Mr. Hans Christian Andersen.

From the *Examiner*.

*Costume in England : a History of Dress from the Earliest Period till the Close of the Eighteenth Century. To which is appended an Illustrated Glossary of Terms for all Articles of use or ornament worn about the Person.* By F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. Chapman & Hall.

THIS is the prettiest Book of Costume, and, at the same time, the most compact and complete, with which we are acquainted. It has manifestly been a labor of love. Its author is a young artist, who has himself drawn the more than six hundred clearly cut figures on wood, which enrich and elucidate its text. The ground-work of the volume was first laid in the *Art Union*, a cheap journal connected with the fine arts, very cleverly conducted by Mr. Hall, and embellished with specimens of engraving and design even less remarkable for their lavish abundance than for their care and fidelity of execution. Here Mr. Fairholt seems to have been encouraged to write a series of notes on costume ; to these he has since added later and ampler stores of research ; and the result is a volume of six hundred pages, with more of easily accessible information, written in an agreeable manly way, and illustrated as faithfully as abundantly, on a subject for the most part confined to rare and costly publications, than we remember in any similar work. Too much is not attempted ; what is done being done thoroughly. There is learning in the book, without pretence ; a familiarity with the abstruser points of the subject, without a display of hard words ; and altogether as much modesty as merit. Mr. Fairholt's volume will be a most useful popular manual.

The plan is to take a certain succession of periods, and treat them separately. Thus we have divisions on the Early Britons ; the Romans in Britain ; the Anglo-Saxons and Danes ; the Normans ; the Plantagenets ; the York and Lancaster time ; that of the Tudors ; that of the Stuarts ; from William the Third to George the Third ; and from George the Third to 1800. In each period the dress of royalty and the nobility precedes that of the middle classes and the commonalty, and the dress of the clergy is described last. The glossary which winds up the volume gives great completeness to it.

It is curious to turn over its pages, studded with these numberless graphic figures, and see at a glance the preposterous changes of fashion. The rude Briton or Saxon melting into the sumptuous Norman ; ruffs and puffs becoming cocked hats and waistcoats ; stomachers, starch, and farthingales, waxing and waning through all the varieties of dishabilles, hoop petticoats, curls and pomatum, flounce and furbelow. Mr. Fairholt is extremely amusing when he gets near to our own time, and his quotations are always lively and to the purpose. But how came he to forget the exquisite description by Dryden of the beau of his day ? It is quite a master-piece of humor as well (we doubt not) as of accurate painting.

"His various modes from various fathers follow ; One taught the toss, and one the new French swallow ;

His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed ;  
And this the yard-long snake that twirls behind  
From one the sacred periwig he gained,  
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.

Another's diving bow he did adore,  
Which with a shog casts all the hair before,  
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,  
And rises with a water-spaniel shake."

As we cannot quote the wood-cuts, which we should greatly like to do, we must be satisfied with some agreeable notes from the text. It may be worth mentioning that the Bulwer so often quoted in them (a writer of decided wit and humorous sarcasm) was of the same family with that modern inheritor of the name, who has made it world-famous.

#### THE TRUNK HOSE.

" The large trunk-hose, now in fashion, appear to have been originally indicative of boorishness, and to have been worn for that reason by the famous comedian whose figure we have just given : they are alluded to in Rowland's ' Letting of Humors blood in the Head Vaine,' Epigram 31 :—

' When Tarlton clowned it in a pleasant vaine,  
And with conceits did good opinions gaine  
Upon the stage, his merry humor's shop,  
Clownes knew the clowne by his great clownish  
slop.'

But now th' are gulled ; for present fashion sayes  
Dicke Tarlton's part gentlemen's breeches playes :  
In every streeete, where any gallant goes,  
The swaggering slop is Tarlton's clownish hose.'

" These trunk-hose were stuffed with wool, and sometimes with bran. Bulwer, in the ' Artificial Changeling,' tells of a gallant in whose immense hose a small hole was torn by a nail of the chair he sat upon, so that, as he turned and bowed to pay his court to the ladies, the bran poured forth as from a mill that was grinding, without his perceiving it, till half the cargo was unloden on the floor.

" Trunk-hose are ridiculed in the following passage of Wright's ' Passions of the Minde,' 1601 :—' Sometimes I have seen Tarlton play the clown, and use no other breeches than such slopnes or slivings as now many gentlemen weare ; they are almost capable of a bushel of wheate, and if they be of sackcloth, they would serve to carry mawlt to the mill. This absurd, clownish, and unseemly attire only by custome now is not misliked, but rather approved.'

#### PATCHES.

" A fashion was, however, introduced in this reign that met with just reprehension at the hands of the satirists : it was that of patching the face. Bulwer, in his ' Artificial Changeling,' 1650, first alludes to it. ' Our ladies,' he says, ' have lately entertained a vaine custom of spotting their faces out of an affection of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had ; and it is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes ;' some of which he depicts on a lady's face, which is here copied from his wood-cut, and it is a very curious specimen of fashionable absurdity : a coach with a coachman, and two horses with postilions, appears

on her forehead ; both sides of her face have crescents upon them ; a star is on one side of her mouth, and a plain circular patch on her chin. These must not be considered as pictorial exaggerations, for they are noticed by other writers : thus in ' Wit Restored,' a poem printed 1658, we are told of a lady, that

' Her patches are of every cut,  
For pimples and for scars ;  
Here's all the wandering planets' signs,  
And some of the fixed stars.  
Already gummed, to make them stick,  
They need no other sky.'

And the author of ' God's Voice against Pride in Apparel,' 1683, declares that the black patches remind him of plague spots, ' and methinks the mourning coach and horses, all in black, and plying in their foreheads, stands ready harnessed to whirl them to Acheron.' "

#### A MACCARONI.

" The hair of the gentleman was dressed in an enormous toupee, with very large curls at the sides ; while behind it was gathered and tied up into an enormous club, or knot, that rested on the back of the neck like a porter's knot ; upon this an exceedingly small hat was worn, which was sometimes lifted from the head with the cane, generally very long, and decorated with extremely large silk tassels ; a full white handkerchief was tied in a large bow round the neck ; frills from the shirt-front projected from the top of the waistcoat, which was much shortened, reaching very little below the waist, and being without the flap-covered pockets. The coat was also short, reaching only to the hips, fitting closely, having a small turn-over collar as now worn ; it was edged with lace or braid, and decorated with frog-buttons, tassels, and embroidery ; the breeches were tight, of spotted or striped silk, with enormous bunches of strings at the knee. A watch was carried in each pocket, from which hung bunches of chains and seals : silk stockings and small shoes with little diamond buckles completed the gentleman's head dress."

#### THE HAT.

" Until the period of the French revolution no very extraordinary change had taken place in male or female costume since the Maccaroni period. The dresses of the gentlemen, which had then become less loose and capacious, so continued, and the waistcoat really went not below the waist ; the coat had a collar which gradually became larger, and very high in the neck, about 1786. Wigs had become less ' the rage,' and in 1763 the wig-makers thought necessary to petition the king to encourage their trade by his example, and not wear his own hair : a petition that was most unfeelingly ridiculed by another from the timber-merchants, praying for the universal adoption of wooden legs in preference to those of flesh and blood, under the plea of benefiting the trade of the country. But the French revolution in 1789 very much influenced the English fashions, and greatly affected both male and female costume ; and to that period we may date the introduction of the modern round hat in place of the cocked one ; and it may reasonably be doubted whether anything more ugly to look at, or disagreeable to wear, was ever invented as a head-covering for gentlemen.

Possessing not one quality to recommend it, and endowed with disadvantages palpable to all, it has continued to be our head-dress till the present day, in spite of the march of that intellect it may be supposed to cover. It is seen in Parisian prints before 1787."

## SHORT WAISTS.

"In 1794 short waists became fashionable ; and that portion of the body which fifteen years previously had been preposterously long, reaching nearly to the hips, was now carried up to the armpits. This absurdity occasioned a waggish parody on the popular song, 'The Banks of Banna,' which begins with—

' Shepherds, I have lost my love ;  
Have you seen my Anna ?'

The parody began with—

' Shepherds, I have lost my waist !'  
Have you seen my body ?'

The gown was worn still open in front, but without hoops, and fell in straight loose folds to the feet, which were decorated with shoes of scarlet leather. Immense earrings were worn ; the hair was frequently unpowdered, and from 1794 to 1797 large ostrich or other feathers were worn, singly, or two and three together, of various bright colors, blue, green, pink, &c., standing half a yard high."

Mr. Fairholt is entirely intolerant of the hoop. And yet there is something to be said for it. It had a "pride, pomp and circumstance," which, when it enclosed a duchess of Devonshire, one might somehow think to be only a kind of proper "hedge" for so bright-eyed and potent a divinity.

From the *Athenaeum*.

*The Quizziology of the British Drama.* By GILBERT ABBOT A BECKETT. Published at the Punch Office.

THIS is as light and pleasant an hour's reading as the student need desire,—with the thermometer, in the shady corner of his study, marking eighty-six. Its object is, says the author, "1st, to describe the passions as they appear in many of our modern plays ; 2ndly, to show the characters most in use by some of our dramatic authors ; and, 3rdly, to present examples of those passions and characters in operation, through the medium of scenes supposed to be selected from the works of the most popular writers for the stage." With some portion of the contents of its volumes, its readers may have already made acquaintance elsewhere ; but other parts are, so far as our experience goes, new :—and as, in catering for the mental recreation of our own readers, regard should be had to extreme cases of temperature, we can scarcely do better than amuse them with an example under each of the above three several heads.—The following are fragments from the writer's 'Ode to the Stage Passions' :—

" Next Anger rush'd—'tis Hicks, by Jove !  
Loud thunder in his voice he hurls ;  
His superhuman rage to prove,  
He tears his long black worsted curls.  
And now doth wan Despair appear.  
He draws his breath—nor draws it mild,  
But fiercely asks the chandelier  
To give him back his only child.

\* \* \* \* \*  
No sooner had she sang, than, with a frown,  
Revenge, that heavy man,  
Stalk'd in, and cheering shouts of ' Bravo, Brown !'  
Throughout the audience ran.

He gives the orchestra a withering look,  
He draws his blood-stain'd sword,  
And growls, ' I mark'd it in the leader's book,  
You know I want chord.'

The orchestra wakes up at last,  
The double drums they beat,  
And the trombone gives a blast,  
Lengthening at least six feet.

At every bar, Revenge, with measured stride,  
Perambulates the stage from side to side :  
Then hides behind the door for some one coming out,  
Who walks most unsuspectingly about,  
Follow'd by dark Revenge, who very neatly  
Contrives to keep out of his sight completely ;  
Waiting an opportunity to see  
Revenge and Victim *exeunt*, both o. p. \* \* \*

With eyes upraised and ringlets curling,  
Pale Melancholy—Mrs. Stirling—  
Came from the prompter's little seat  
Her lamentations to repeat ;

And while she pours her pensive cries  
On all the wings and flats around,  
There is an echo in the flies

That seems to mock the mournful sound.  
Through box and pit the plaintive accents stole,  
Hung o'er the orchestra with fond delay,  
Through the house a charm diffusing,  
The sound not e'en the gallery losing,  
Till in the slips it dies away."

So much for the Passions!—now for one of the characters of the drama :—

## " THE STAGE SUPERNUMERARY.

" Alas ! there is not in the range of dramatic character a more striking instance of the weakness of theatrical human nature than is presented by the supernumerary ; whose career, from the last bar of the overture to the speaking of the 'tag,' is one continued course of feeble-minded vacillation, abject subservience, or abominable treachery. He is led away by a bit of bombast from any ranting hero who will ask him if he is a man, or a Briton, or a Roman, or whether the blood of his ancestors runs through his recreant veins ; and he will agree, at a moment's notice, to take part in any desperate enterprise. He will appear at one moment as the friend of freedom, dressed in green baize, pointing with a property sword to the sky borders, and joining some twenty others in an oath to rid his country of the tyrant : but he will be found five minutes afterwards rigged out in cotton velvet as a seedy noble in the *suite* of the very identical tyrant. He will swear allegiance to the house of Hapsburg, at half-past seven, and by the time the second price comes in, he will be marching as one of a select party of the friends of freedom who have taken an oath to roll the House of Hapsburg in the dust. Perhaps, like a perfidious villain as he is, he will be carrying a banner inscribed with the words, 'Down with the oppressor,' on one side, while on the other—which he keeps artfully out of sight in order to hide his treachery from the audience—are emblazoned the arms of the House of Hapsburg, of which the alleged oppressor is the chief. On the field of battle the conduct of the stage supernumerary is contemptible in the extreme ; for he either falls down before he is hit, or takes a mean

advantage of a fallen foe by striking an attitude, with his foot resting on the chest of one of the vanquished enemy. Sometimes the supernumerary gives himself up from seven until ten to a reckless career of crime, carousing in a canvass cave, or plundering pasteboard caravans, except at intervals during the evening, when, perhaps, to swamp the voice of conscience, he drinks half and half in the dressing-room with his wicked accomplices. The face of the supernumerary generally shows the traces of a long career of crime and burnt cork; nor is there a feature upon which remorse or rouge has not committed ravages. He frequently has his arms and legs bare; but, as if he had shrunk within himself, his skin or fleshing is frequently too large for him, and forms folds of a most extraordinary kind at the joints of his knees or elbows. Sometimes his chest is left bare, and his skin, as far as the neck, appears to be of a rich orange color; but the throat, which is cut off, as it were, by a distinct line, is of a different shade altogether. Sometimes, when the scene is laid in India, the supernumerary has his skin tied on to him; from which it would seem to be a theatrical theory that the darkness of color peculiar to the negro race is owing to the use of leggins and waistcoats of black worsted. The stage supernumerary is something like the antelope in his facility of descending precipices, and he will make his way with the greatest ease among rocks that appear inaccessible. He will come from the very highest mountain-pass in two or three minutes, and he undertakes needless difficulty by going a round-about way and traversing the same ground several times over; though he knows that the remotest peak is not a minute's walk from the footlights.

Though the stage supernumerary is frequently a ruffian while upon the scene, he is exceedingly harmless and humble directly he gets to the wing; when he is glad to creep into any quiet corner, to avoid being ordered out of the way by the prompter, tumbled over by the call-boy, and sworn at as well as knocked down by a blow from a flat by one or two of the carpenters."

From the *Spectator*.

#### MR. DUTTON'S SOUTH AUSTRALIA AND ITS MINES.

FOR some years past, Mr. Menge, a German naturalist resident in Australia, had predicted that the range of mountains running north from Encounter Bay to nearly the 32d degree of (South) latitude would be found rich in mineral treasures; but with the usual fate of prophets in their own place of residence. Towards the close of the year 1842, however, the inferences of Mr. Menge were confirmed by an accidental discovery, as singular as any which has taken place in the history of mines: and perhaps more singular in its large results, because it opens up a *national* branch of industry incalculably important to a new colony as supplying it with a ready means of export—if the colonists have the good sense not to waste too much capital and industry in searches after treasures under the earth. The lucky discovery of Mr. Dutton and his friend and fellow-settler occurred in this wise.

"The Kapunda copper mine is situated close to the river Light, forty-five miles due north of Adelaide.

"It was discovered in the latter part of 1842, by

the youngest son of Captain Bagot, whilst gathering some wild flowers in the plain, and shortly afterwards by myself, not far from the same spot, but on a rise or hillock, to the top of which I had ridden in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country; one of our flocks of sheep having been dispersed during a thunder-storm, and I being at the time in search of them. After being out nearly the whole day in drenching rain, and benumbed with cold, I ascended this little hill, prior to returning home, for one last survey of the surrounding country: the very spot I pulled the horse up at was beside a large protruding mass of clay-slate, strongly tinged and impregnated with the green carbonate of copper. My first impression was that the rock was covered with a beautiful green moss; but on getting off the horse, I quickly found, by breaking off a piece from it, that the tinge was as bright in the fracture as on the surface. My acquaintance with mineralogy was not sufficient to enable me to pronounce on the precise character of the rock, but I had little doubt it was tinged with copper, from the close resemblance of the color to verdigris. \* \* \* \* \*

"To Captain Bagot, with whom I had long been on intimate terms, I confided my discovery; when he also produced similar specimen which was found by his son; and on a subsequent visit to the place, we found that the two spots were within close proximity of each other, although at first, from the one being on a hill and the other in the plain, we thought they were two different places. To make a long story short, we soon ascertained that the specimens were undoubtedly copper ores: the discovery was kept of course secret; we got eighty acres surveyed, all the forms as laid down by the old land-sales regulations were complied with; the section was advertised for a whole month in the government Gazette, and we became the purchasers of it at the fixed government price for waste lands of £1 per acre. At that time there were still a number of 'eighty-acre land orders' unexecuted in the colony, any one of which might have claimed this section; nor could we attempt to buy one of them without running the risk of exciting attention: and we therefore preferred quietly waiting for the expiration of the usual time required, and then tendering the money, trusting to the general depression of the times, that no one would feel inclined just then to become possessed of any more land; in which we were not mistaken.

"Having secured the land, the next step was to ascertain the value of the ores, and whether they would remunerate us in working them. To ascertain this, we sent a box of specimens to England; and did not begin working the mine till the encouraging report of Mr. Perceval Johnston reached us, which gave an average of 23 per cent. for the surface out-croppings. We then lost no time to begin working with a small body of men. \* \* \* \* \*

"Amongst the general population of the colony there were some few Cornish miners, who were quietly following pastoral and agricultural pursuits: when we gave notice of intending to work the mine, the pickaxe was quickly resumed by them; and we gave them a liberal 'tribute' for the first year, (3s. 6d. per 1*l.*.) to set the thing going. These men were highly successful, and raised a considerable quantity of rich ore."

We need not further pursue the prosperous fortunes of Messrs. Bagot and Dutton, the quantity of ore they raised, its repute at Swansea, its par-

ticular and average prices, with the advantageous site of the mine, its admirable roads and cheap cartage, or the additional 100 acres the partners bought—no longer at the rate of £1 per acre, competition having run up the 100 acres to £2,210. Suffice it to say, that part of the first year's produce (1844) sold for £6,225; the whole colony was set agog after mining speculations; and it may yet turn out that more will be lost in searching for metals than gained by finding them—as has hitherto been the result in every country, mining, according to Adam Smith, being in fact gambling.

Thus far, however, the success has been wonderful. Including Mr. Dutton's or the Kapunda, no fewer than eleven distinct mines have been discovered; of which six are copper, three lead, and two mixed. In description, these are all promising; but the only two whose produce is in the market seem to be the Kapunda and the Montacute—the latter discovered soon after the Kapunda, in as accidental a way, though not managed by such prudent people as Messrs. Dutton and Bagot. Of these two mines, the price of the ore in 1845, at Swansea, was £13 11s. 2d. per ton for the Montacute, and £24 15s. 3d. for the Kapunda; the last being the highest price of any copper-mine in the world. The money returns were—

Montacute, . . . 277 tons, yielding £3,754  
Kapunda, . . . 243 tons, yielding 6,017

It is not to be supposed that South Australia has either capital or skilled labor to work these mines with effect, and both are looked for from this country. British miners and British money are to be exported. Some of the mines belong to companies; probably all are open to the purchase of shares; and they are exciting interest in "the city," as considerable as any other legitimate speculation. It is probable that the object of this work is to bring them prominently before the eyes of the world. The mass of mankind, however, should be slow to meddle with such speculations, unless with money they can afford to lose. A new mine, under the best of circumstances, is an uncertainty; and old ones are not over sure, for we know not how soon the supply of ore may diminish or be procured with greater difficulty. It is a speculation very proper for city capitalists, since they have a general knowledge of the subject, and means of attaining particular information; but the annuitant or person anxious to employ surplus capital should ponder very closely before he embarks in schemes, either at his own prompting, or the solicitations of others, unless he is thoroughly persuaded of their judgment and honesty. In fact, the person wishing to invest may take this with him, that whatever he gains beyond the interest of the English funds is got at some risk or expense, or inconvenience equivalent to expense.

Should Mr. Dutton's object have been to get up any South Australian mining interest in this country, it is very skilfully masked; for only a small portion of his book is devoted to this topic. The remainder of the volume contains a general account of the colony, after the usual fashion in which these things are done. There is the story of the original foundation and of the successive governorships of South Australia; a view of its geographical features, climate, and natural productions; with a sketch of the society and present condition of the colony, which has now emerged from its difficulties, if over rash mining speculations do not

entail fresh ones. All this is well enough done; but the general information is not new to those who have given any attention to the subject.

**THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE POPE.**—On Whit-Sunday the Pontiff determined to have mass said in his chamber, and to take the communion himself. This was opposed, and he was obliged to almost get angry in order to have his wish complied with; and if he had not done so, he would have died without the sacrament. His valet-de-chambre said to him, "But, Holy Father, you will alarm the whole city; they will say that you are very ill." "Certainly," replied he, "I am very ill; I feel it; and do you want me to appear before God without having taken the bread of life! *Io voglio morire da frate, non da sovrano.*" (I wish to die as a monk, and not as a sovereign.) The malady made such rapid progress the following night that the cardinal confessor, whose duty it is to assist dying pontiffs, could not be summoned in time; it was the assistant curé of the Pontifical Palace who gave extreme unction to the Pope, the curé not having arrived. Gregory XVI. had expired when Cardinal Bianchi, his confessor, entered his chamber. The other ecclesiastics, who were summoned according to custom, had only to watch over the mortal remains of their master. The Pope expired in the arms of Cardinal Lambruschini, who had hurried up with all the speed of his horses, and who assisted him in his last moments with the tenderness of a friend and a son. The 'Ami de la Religion' says:—"Pope Gregory XVI. has made two of his nephews his residuary legatees, and appointed Cardinal Matei his executor. The Pontiff has left several legacies to the Propaganda, the convent of St. Gregory, the monks of the Camaldules, and some of his household. The fortune which he has left has been greatly exaggerated. A more just idea of it may be formed when it is considered that the civil list of the popedom does not amount to more than 80,000f. a year. A rich library, some valuable paintings, jewellery, and works of art, with other property of unimportant amount, form the whole of the inheritance left for his nephews in the Venetian states, instead of the millions at which it has been estimated."

THE papers announce the death, at Woolwich, of Mr. Marsh, the chemist—whose name has acquired a European celebrity, as the inventor of the test for arsenic now generally used in medical jurisprudence.—*Athenaeum.*

#### GOOD NIGHT.

BY F. A. B.

Good night, but dream not, lest the clinging form,  
Which thou didst coldly cast from thy embrace,  
Should in thy sleep return, and still and warm  
Creep to the breast that was its resting-place.

Good night, but dream not, lest the pleading eyes,  
Whose tears thou seest fall down like winter  
rain,  
Should o'er the darkness of thy slumbers rise,  
In that long look of helpless, hopeless pain.

Dream not, lest, with the hour of love returning,  
Thy former love should to thy heart return.  
Alas! as soon mightst thou seek light or burning  
In the grey ashes of a funeral urn.

*New Monthly Magazine.*

From the Edinburgh Tales.

THE ELIZABETHINES. BY MRS. GORE.

Sad as the heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn! KEATS.

I HAVE had reason hitherto to complain of ill-fortune in the visits I have made to convents and monasteries. Other travellers are sure to meet with some interesting novice or dignified lady abbess—some celestial sister already “enskied and sainted”—or some wasted votary, bearing the impress of secret and silent affliction—of suppressed passions—of self-resignation! For my own part, I must acknowledge that I never yet chanced upon a cloistered victim in any way worthy of sympathy. The reverend mother has usually proved a cross old woman much addicted to snuff; with a skin like yellow flannel, and a gait like that of the fairy Carabosse; and I have always found the sister appointed to do the honors of the convent, dull, corpulent, middle-aged, and contented, as well as self- contented. The only nun I ever saw who could lay claim to personal beauty, was a very lovely creature, with whom, some ten years ago, I passed a rainy afternoon at Tournay. Instead, however, of adding the grace of pensive *Eloiseism* to her other attractions, the holy sister proved as arrant a giglet as any reproved by the Lady Beatrice of the Tor Hill; and laughed and crowed like an idiot, while I sat admiring her skill in *zang*—a most unsentimental employment for a heroine!

Henceforward, however, I will make no complaints on this head; for I have recently witnessed a scene within the walls of a religious institution, which has proved the source of many deep and painful emotions. I will not call it *interesting*, for such a term is most unfitly applied to the real right- earnest calamities of human life.

The convent of the Elizabethines, or *Elisabethineninnen*, is situated in one of the suburbs of Vienna; and was endowed by the Queen of Hungary, whose name it bears, as an hospital for fifty poor women, to be served and attended by as many professed nuns. The institution closely resembles that admirable one founded by Saint Vincent de Paule—the *Sœurs de la Charité*—and maintains the same character of universal benevolence, of self-denying and pious activity. In addition to the fifty objects received into the ward of the hospital, the Elizabethines distribute their charitable offices to such of the neighboring poor as apply for assistance or advice; and the holy sisters are not only adored by those who have been restored to health through their skill and gentle care, but are regarded as the tutelary angels of the quarter in which their convent is situated.

Anxious to observe the internal regulations of an institution I had so frequently heard named with the blessings of gratitude, I presented myself at the *parloir* of the Elizabethines; and having referred my request for admittance to the reverend mother, I was instantly and graciously received.

The sister appointed by the abbess to conduct me over the building, was a cheerful intelligent woman—cheerful from the consoling sense of duties diligently performed, and from the remembrance of a long life spent in the services of her fellow-creatures. She was gentle and even elegant in her address, although slightly deformed in person; but I beg my readers will not despise over this untoward circumstance, for I respectfully forewarn them that Sister Agatha is not the heroine of my adventure.

“This is our laboratory,” said she, throwing open a door which emitted a rich steam of spicy decoctions; and I perceived that the antique oaken compartments within, were closely filled with mysterious jars which appeared to contain all “the syrups of the east.” A little boy beside the polished counter was receiving from the hands of an old nun, a basket of medicines for his sick mother; accompanied by more counsels and injunctions than I thought so small a head might well retain; and in an inner chamber I caught a glimpse of three reverend sisters seated round a table, on which stood an air-pump, an electrifying machine, and a ponderous pair of scales. Their dress—the flowing black robe and milk-white scapulary, worn somewhat after the fashion of a Roman *contadina*—their dignified gravity, which might have become “Tynemouth’s haughty prioress,” formed a strange contrast with their several occupations; which were those of pulling lint, weighing poppy heads, and shelling small seeds for some medicinal purpose.

After exhibiting “an alligator stuffed,” and some other objects of natural history—the marvel and glory of the simple nuns—Sister Agatha led me successively through the wardrobe, where a detachment of the nuns were busily stitching garments for the rest of the community—through the sacristy, where another division was occupied in preparing decorations for their church, to be used on some ensuing solemnity—and finally, into the kitchen of the convent—the neatest and most appetizing, I should think, that exists in the German empire.

Wherever we passed, the nuns crowded round to kiss the hand of my conductress, and to welcome her with loquacious delight. She was evidently a person of importance and a favorite, for even the sisters occupied in the confectionary in preparing delicacies for their convalescent patients, left their sugar to burn while they indulged in a passing gossip with Sister Agatha.

The order and distribution of the extensive building were admirable; and the long spotless corridors paved with polished Salzberg marble—the cream-colored stone used for lithographic engraving—formed a striking contrast with the usually filthy passages of Vienna mansions, and spoke strongly in favor of the superior cleanliness of female occupations.

“You are fortunate,” observed Sister Agatha, as we ascended the stairs, “in having visited us at the hour appointed for the reception of visitors into the ward. It is the bright season of our day, and will diminish the painful impression arising from the sight of the afflicted.”

As she spoke she threw open the door of the hospital—a long gallery containing fifty beds, each bearing a German inscription, purporting that the wants of its sick tenant were relieved “through the love of God.” A murmur of joy and surprise saluted the entrance of Sister Agatha into the ward; and the numerous visitors, many of them belonging to a highly respectable class of life, deserted the beds of their sick friends to salute her with expressions of welcome and gratitude. Many of the poorer order, unable to lose their time, although in the offices of affection, had brought their work; and were diligently knitting or sewing while they listened to the monotonous recitals of the sufferers—the mother, the sister, the friend they were come to visit. On several coverlids little tokens of interest—a flower, a biscuit,

handkerchief—or some other humble offering, bestowed by the poor, in honest good-will, upon the still poorer; and every ghastly countenance among the sufferers was lighted up by an expression of joyful and grateful excitement. There was one among them, old, and apparently heavily afflicted, who was gazing with an intensity of affection, almost painful to behold, upon a well-dressed young man, a student of some German college, who sat beside her bed, holding her poor thin hand.

Their history was evident. She had sacrificed much to secure to a beloved son the education and appearance of more liberal means; and if I might judge by the affectionate expression of the young scholar's countenance, her motherly self-denial was neither unappreciated nor unrewarded. Several of the convalescent were dressed and seated among their friends, and the appearance of some even justified the information I had received, that the poor and needy were detained by the Elizabethines long after their recovery, provided they were unable to work for their maintenance elsewhere.

"It must be highly gratifying to your feelings, dear sister, to see those poor creatures restored to health and usefulness through your ministry," said I to my guide. "There are many here whose looks do equal honor to the skill and to the tenderness of those by whose care they have been tended."

"You must remember, however," replied Sister Agatha, "that we frequently receive incurable patients; and that among so large a number, we have the grief of seeing many die, notwithstanding our most anxious exertions. There," she continued in a whisper, pointing to the last bed we had passed, "there lies one to whom it only remains for us to administer the last offices." I looked, and saw a wasted pallid face, turned towards the pillow, as though to drown the murmur of the crowded ward. Her eyes were closed, and her slight delicate hand lay open upon the sheet in the relaxation of debility. She was young, and as far as I could judge from the adjustment of her linen, was of a better order than the other patients.

As I paused for a moment at the bottom of the bed, to look upon her with the reverence due to one who is about to put on the garb of immortality, my shadow fell upon her face. She unclosed her sunken eyes for a moment, and then shut them, after a look of despair—a shudder of hopelessness, which I can never forget. I passed on hastily; and looked at my attendant for an explanation, as she led me into a little chapel at the end of the gallery, opening into it for the service of the sick.

I observed that the eyes of the compassionate nun were filled with tears; but as we were now before the altar, she knelt down to repeat a paternoster, without replying to my mute inquiry. Some minutes afterwards, as we were descending the stairs towards the church of the convent, I took courage to question her concerning the dying woman.

"You say that she will not long survive; yet of all the hospital, hers was the only bed unsoothed by some kind visiter. The poor creature appears totally deserted—has she no friends in Vienna?"

"She is heavily visited both in mind and body," replied Sister Agatha, evasively. "The Almighty hath been pleased to deal with her as with those he loveth. When she first became our inmate, she was placed next unto the bed of the young student's mother; and the sight of his assiduous filial affection proved so great a trial to the poor crea-

ture's feelings, that compassion induced me to remove her to the end of the ward; where her desolate condition is less apparent to others—less painful to herself."

At this moment we entered the church; and from a feeling, intelligent woman, Sister Agatha became at once the narrow devotee—the blind votary of superstition. Her order, and its dignity—her church and its relics—her director, and his anathemas, became paramount in her mind; and she proudly claimed my admiration for the skeleton of the giant St. Columbus, which sparkled through its glass coffin with ribs set in false stones and tinsel—and for the choir behind whose mysterious curtain, the hymns of the veiled Elizabethines are heard with reverence by the congregation. From the church we passed into the inner sacristy; where the good nun expatiated right eloquently upon the beauties of several gilt calvaries and holy sepulchres, presented to their treasury by Maria Theresa and her successors. Despairing of bringing her back to the subject of the dying woman above, I prepared to take my leave by presenting a trifling offering towards the funds of the institution; and I was indiscreet enough to venture a second donation, with a request that it might be applied to the especial use of the poor deserted woman.

Sister Agatha, who had accepted my first gift with gratitude, put back my hand with indignation when I tendered the second. "Have you observed," she inquired, "any symptoms of partiality in our arrangements—or any want of general comfort? What do our sick require that is not instantly administered? Nay—what fancy or caprice do they express, which is not anxiously gratified by the reverend mother!"

I craved forgiveness for my involuntary offence, which I attributed, and truly, to the heartfelt compassion inspired by the deserted condition of the dying patient; and Sister Agatha, after silently examining my countenance, as if to assure herself what degree of confidence she might place in my discretion, replied, "Well, well; say no more of it—I perceive that the request, however indiscreet, arose from a gentle feeling. Stay!" she continued, leading me back into the sacristy and closing the door after us, "you are young—you belong to the children of the world—and the history of that unfortunate woman may prove a useful lesson. Have you leisure to listen?"

I seated myself by her side with grateful alacrity; and Sister Agatha, taking out her knitting, commenced the following narration.

"I will call the poor soul Cecilia; and as I have no fear that you will discover her real name and title, I will fairly own that she is born of one of the noblest houses of Hungary—her ancestors have even been among the most liberal benefactors of the convent in which her last sufferings have been alleviated. Cecilia became an orphan shortly after her birth; and as her fortune was considerable, she was bequeathed to the guardianship of the head of her father's family. Even now you may judge that she was once a lovely creature; and when I add that her disposition was volatile, and her education totally neglected, you will be the more inclined to look with lenity upon the indiscretion that induced her at the age of sixteen to elope from her uncle's palace, and to bestow her hand and affections upon a very unworthy object.

"It was during the occupation of the army of Napoleon; and at a period when the Austrian

nobility found themselves compelled to admit into their domestic circles many French officers who, at another time, would have been spurned from their society. Among the rest, a colonel of cuirassiers was quartered in the palace of prince — of —, Cecilia's uncle. He proved to be a man of ignoble birth—ignoble character—ignoble habits; but the poor child who had been accustomed to receive among her proud relations only the harshest usage and coldest severity, was too easily touched by the adulation of the wily Frenchman to be sensible to these defects. His anxiety, too, to possess himself of Cecilia's ample dower, taught him to conceal them—if not from her family—at least from her deluded self. To dwell as little as possible upon her errors, permit me to say that Cecilia was induced by her lover to elope from Vienna; and that she became a wife and a mother before she had attained her seventeenth year.

"Were you better acquainted with our national habits, it would be useless to add that she was immediately denounced as an outcast and an alien, by her indignant family; that her name became a forbidden sound, and that she was soon accounted as among the dead. Well would it have been for the unhappy creature, had the Almighty indeed so ordered her destiny! for long before her splendid fortune was dissipated—and a few years enabled her depraved husband to squander it away—Cecilia had become an object of disgust to him for whose sake she had sacrificed her kindred and her country; and neglect and cruelty sufficiently justified the antipathy conceived against him by her relations on their first acquaintance.

"The fortune of war was fated to relieve her from the persecutions of him whose obscure name she bore;—at the age of twenty-one, Cecilia found herself a widow and the mother of three children as destitute as herself! And now, for the first time since her imprudent marriage, she ventured to address her exasperated uncle—for the wants of her innocent babes taught her to overcome the suggestions of her innate national pride—to forget the sensitive delicacy of her character; and in a letter dictated by humility and repentance, she craved the charity of her haughty kindred.

"A tardy and brief reply was vouchsafed to her supplication;—but it contained a small remittance; and in the present relief afforded by the gift, Cecilia forgot the wound inflicted by the terms in which it was bestowed.

"A second time, however, the young mother found herself penniless; and her sufferings were now aggravated by the loss of her youngest child. 'I nursed it,' said she, when she told me her pitiful story, 'and I verily fear it died of famine, for I was well nigh starved myself. But the despair which overcame me when I stretched its little wasted limbs for the grave, gave me courage to apply once more to my cruel uncle.'

"A second supply was the result of my appeal; but as it was accompanied by an assurance that it would be the last, I resolved to profit by its temporary relief, and return to my native country. I thought that the sight of my babes, in their destitute condition, might win the compassion of those on whom they possessed other and stronger claims. I longed too to hear the accents of my fatherland, to breathe once more my natal air; for, alas! the country of my adoption had proved but a harsh step-mother. Since I had left my native land, my lot had been one of mortification and misery; and the remembrance of home—even of the unendear-

ing home of my early years, grew sweet by the comparison.

"But on my return to Austria, I found myself a greater alien—a still more reviled, more desolate creature! I was assured by the survivors of my family that in renouncing their name by my imprudent marriage, I had forfeited all claims upon those who bore it; and that by intruding my beggary upon the joys of their prosperity, I had but hardened their hearts towards my wretched children.

"I shall never forget the 'v,' said poor Cecilia," continued the nun, "'—which I turned from their lofty portal towards my own obscure retreat; my heart swelling within me as I clasped my lovely children to my desolate bosom. I had then some means of support still remaining—the savings of my frugality;—and I had still strength to work; so that when I shut myself up in my own chamber, I resolved that no extremity of want should induce me to court a second repulse. But I had not duly calculated upon the nature of the trials I should be doomed to undergo. I did not think but of ceaseless labor—of domestic drudgery;—of want of food, of want of rest; and these miseries I could bear, and I did bear them cheerfully. But with all my hardships I was unable to earn sufficient bread for my children. I saw the loveliness with which God had gifted them, gradually fade away;—their strength wasted—their little voices grew feeble as they breathed their endearments to their miserable mother—their growth was suspended by want of proper nourishment—and already my fears foretold a still more fatal result.

"Could my heart resist such a suggestion! Oh! no; I addressed myself again and earnestly to my estranged connexions; and my adjuration was so fraught with the expressive wretchedness of my mind, that it could not be utterly disregarded. It chanced also, that my boy had become, through the death of a relation, the heir presumptive to a distant branch of my family; and my uncle, mindful perhaps of this contingency, was moved to offer him his protection. 'Resign the care of your children to me,' he wrote in reply to my petition. 'Your conduct has proved that you are unfit to become the directress of their education; and, by your own declaration, you lack the means for their support. I will provide liberally for them both; if they are permitted to assume my name, and if their mother consents to leave this country at once, and forever.'

"Rather beg their bread—rather perish with them! was my first exclamation on perusing this barbarous request. And I did beg—again and again—humbly and earnestly; but perhaps I wanted something of the lowly air of habitual supplication, or hunger and despair might impart a look of repellent ferocity to my countenance, for the hearts of the humane were seldom touched by my supplications. In a few weeks therefore my fears recurred with added force; my pride, my courage failed under the solicitudes of a mother's love, and I formed at length the desperate resolution of obeying my uncle's commands.

"It was a heavy morning that which I had fixed for the execution of my project, and my mind was fevered by a night of sleepless horror. I had sat up to render the rags of my poor babes as little revolting as possible to those unto whose mercy I was about to commit their destiny; and when daylight came I roused them gently and tenderly from their calm slumbers. I dared not look upon their

sweet faces as I dressed them for the last time ; and when I imprinted a burning kiss upon the glossy curls of their little heads, I felt that the Almighty was dealing with me more heavily than I might bear !

" Perhaps despair had already numbed my heart into endurance, for I gathered courage to tell them that their troubles were over ;—that they were henceforward to dwell in a fine house—with sweet food—with soft rest to restore them ; and that they must learn to reverence the noble hand from which they derived such gifts, and try to forget—but no—no—no ! I could not for worlds have told them to forget me ;—and had I done so, the request would have been unavailing. They clung to me—they wept and implored, and finally prevailed. No ! I could not part from them that day !

" I repeat Cecilia's words as nearly as I can remember them," said the nun, after a painful pause ; " but I cannot give the expression of a mother's voice to my narration ;—I remember that hers reached my inmost heart."

" And did she at last gather strength to part with the poor babes ?" I anxiously inquired.

" The separation was effected by an unpremeditated meeting with her uncle," continued Sister Agatha. " They were at the moment almost expiring with hunger ; and the fine equipages and dainties proffered by the prince, induced the little innocents to consent to what was at first announced as a separation of a few days from their heart-broken mother. Young as they were, they did not notice how frequently the visit was prolonged ; and after repeated disappointments of returning home, their restlessness was at length changed into contentment. They were kindly used ; and, like all children, they learned in time to forget the absent. The mother who had been so missed and so lamented—for whom they had hoarded their luxuries, and renounced their infantine enjoyments, was soon rarely mentioned—and finally—forgotten.

" In the mean time poor Cecilia, who had accepted a limited pension from the prince, and had fulfilled the necessary condition of quitting the Austrian territories, was for a time reconciled to her miserable destiny by the certainty that her children were rescued from the sufferings and dangers of privation. ' In the grievous loneliness of my existence,' said she, ' I had the consolation of knowing that my treasures no longer fixed the eager eyes of starvation upon the morsel I was unable to purchase to appease their famine. I was supported during the day by a sort of feverish excitation which led me to wish for the return of night, that I might lose in sleep my sense of sorrow : but when the night came, and I missed from my side the little beings who had slumbered there from infancy—I could not rest ! And thus longing by day for the night—by night for the return of day—long weeks, long months passed over my miserable head. Nothing but my flattering trust that my son's accession of fortune would one day or other enable me to clasp in my arms the precious creatures for whose well-being I had forfeited my own happiness—enabled me to support existence ;—and even that hope could not long suffice to smooth the path of self-denial. My mind, fixed with constant and dreadful intensity upon the absent objects of its affections, became enfeebled ; my courage relaxed with my judgment—the yearning of my heart grew too strong for mastery—and in a moment of frenzy, I returned to Vienna !

" My first object was to seek a furtive interview with my children. I was well aware that the greatest caution would be necessary for the accomplishment of my end ; and for some days I contented myself with watching, at dusk, under the windows of my uncle's palace. I thought that among the shadows of its inmates, revealed by the lights within, I might perhaps distinguish those of my children. I was aware that they inhabited the same chamber which had been mine in childhood ; and I have stood on the bastions beneath it, through rain—through snow—through piercing frost—in the expectation of catching the joyous echoes of their young voices ; at length I took courage one morning to watch their coming out for their daily drive.

" I thought I had sufficiently disguised my altered person ; and with trembling limbs I slowly paced along the street, when the gorgeous carriage bearing the arms of my family rolled out of the court of the palace, and passed close beside me. I could not refrain from looking up—and in a moment I saw the fair face of my youngest born—glowing with health—radiant with happiness : but the smile of her sweet eyes fell upon her mother without recognition—she had forgotten me !

" Could I bear this ! I fell senseless upon the pavement ; and the menials of the carriage, which wounded me as it passed, recognized in the poor wretch they humanely ran to raise from the earth, a rejected daughter of their master's house !

" This public exposure, irritated—and perhaps justly—the feelings of the prince. He wrote me a letter filled with a torrent of invective—upbraiding me with ingratitude, and threatening me to withdraw his protection from my children, if hereafter I sought, directly or indirectly, to come into their presence. He reminded me of the dangers that would await them in case of my death, under such a desertion. He painted in strong and appalling terms, the perils which poverty and desolation might entail at some future time upon my daughter. But he might have spared his eloquence ;—the blow was already struck—the bruised reed bowed unto the dust—and death was about to release the wanderer from her sufferings, and himself from my further intrusion."

" It was precisely at this period," resumed the nun in a more cheerful tone, " that the destitute condition of our poor Cecilia drew towards her the attention of the Holy Father Director of our order. In visiting a sick parishioner, he learned that a young person of interesting appearance was dying in a small attic in the house ; to the proprietor of which she was a total stranger. He did not, as you may suppose, hesitate to visit the bedside of the desolate sufferer, whom he found sinking under a slow fever, destitute of the common means of support, and oppressed by all the terrors of mental despair. Within a few hours Cecilia was removed at his suggestion into our hospital ; and few were ever sheltered within its walls unto whom its comforts were more vitally necessary. It was my own turn of duty the night of her admission," said the nun, " and her youth and beauty exerted, in the first instance, a blamable influence over my feelings. Other motives of compassion speedily declared themselves. I found that my lovely patient's disorder originated in the exhaustion arising from a long endurance of cold and hunger. She had fasted for many days together during an inclement winter, in order to increase the scanty meals of her children ; and during the first night that I watched by her side, I heard the names of those beloved

children, murmured again and again by her parched lips, as though their very sound were a watchword of salvation!"

"And was her case hopeless, even at the time of her admission?"

"The cares lavished upon her failed not to procure a transient revival. In a few days Cecilia recovered her consciousness; and her gratitude for my attention in removing her from the painful position which chance had assigned her in the ward, opened her heart towards me, more than towards her other attendants. It appeared as if her feelings were relieved by confiding to me the history of her afflicted life."

"But surely, surely something might still be done to save her," said I, interrupting the good sister; "surely a malady resulting from temporary privation cannot affect the powers of life."

"We are not reckoned unskilful, even by the faculty of Vienna," answered Sister Agatha, with an air of professional dignity. "The influence of the mind is all-powerful over the body, and we know that few diseases are more important than those arising out of moral causes. You must remember, too, that Cecilia's frame was weakened by want and toil during three entire years—that its powers have been exhausted by prolonged fasts and prolonged vigils; nothing now can save her."

"But you will apply, without doubt, to her family—to her cruel, selfish uncle. Surely you will attempt to bless her dying eyes with the sight of those beloved objects to whom she hath sacrificed her existence!"

"Impossible!" replied the nun with provoking calmness. "The prince is one of the most powerful and liberal benefactors of our convent. Were the reverend mother—to whom, however, I have not thought it expedient to apply on the subject—were the reverend mother to provoke his highness' displeasure by such an appeal, she would be injuring the cause of the poor, and bereaving the many in order to gratify the worldly passions of a single heart. To the suffering multitude we owe an account of our ministry; and their wants and claims, alas! will long survive the sorrows of poor Cecilia."

"At least permit *me*, who as a stranger can incur no risk, to make immediate application to the prince. His name—his name—I entreat you do not let this victim of maternal love die unrewarded."

"You are an enthusiast," replied the nun with a gentle smile, "and forgot that the slightest motion will extinguish the flame of an expiring lamp; one moment of agitation would destroy Cecilia. Besides, although a heretic, you must be sensible that the consolations of religion alone become the bed of death. It would be cruel to rekindle earthly affections in a heart where the hopes of faith should alone prevail. But I must not loiter here," continued Sister Agatha, respectfully kissing my hand. "Farewell, sister! farewell; may your journey prosper! and when you return to your own remote country, remember that the sick and the poor are comforted by the lowly order of St. Elizabeth, *'through the love of God!'*"

The day following my memorable visit to the convent of the *Elisabethinen*, I departed, not under the influence of Sister Agatha's benediction, "to my own remote country," but on a tour through Hungary, which occupied some months. Previous to leaving the city of Pesth, the principal residence of the Hungarian nobility, I chanced

one morning to enter a bookseller's shop in search of books of instruction for children, written in the national language. The master of the shop, in reply to my inquiries, observed that he could supply me with the newest and best as soon as the Countess Woleska had finished her selection. I looked towards the lady referred to, and saw a slight figure in deep mourning, accompanied by two children—an elegant little girl, and a noble boy about six years of age.

The bookseller whispered that he was the young *Fürst Reussdorf*; and at the same moment the countess turning round to desire her little girl would offer the books to the English lady, discovered to me a face—no! I could not be mistaken!—a face which I had seen but once, to remember forever; and which I had for months past believed to be shrouded in the damps of death—that, in short, of Sister Agatha's heroine. Even as it was, it was totally colorless; and as I was in the very land of Vampirism, I literally shuddered as I fixed my wondering gaze upon the countess, and could not recover my voice to thank the lovely child from whose hand I received the books. I concluded my bargain as precipitately as I could; and walked out into the street, without well knowing what I was about, or where I was going.

My first anxiety on returning home was to question our German courier respecting the family of Reussdorf, and the Countess Woleska; but I received only those vague and tormenting replies which one is sure to extract from such a source.

"The Woleskas," he said, "were a very noble race—very powerful—very wealthy; settled in several provinces of the empire, one branch in Hungary—one in Styria—"

"But the countess?"

"The countess!—the young one or the old? The Countess Dowager of Woleska is of the *Schwarzenwäldchenwesterhofische* family—a lady of the highest descent and—"

"No—no—the young countess."

"The young countess? There are several, *gnädige Frau*; the Countess Wenzl, the Countess Rudolf, the Countess Moritz," &c. &c.

Finding it impossible to come to the point, I resolved to wait for the evening's opera, when I felt sure of learning the gossip of the city from some of the visitors to our box.

"Ah! you have seen the young Countess Woleska," was the ready answer to my inquiries. "A charming woman, although rather *passée*, but still a very interesting ruin."

"Can you inform me whether she has been long resident in Hungary?"

"Scarcely a month—can it be possible that you have not heard her history? a very eventful one, if the *on dits* are accurate. Her little son came suddenly into possession of the principality of Reussdorf, by the death of a relation in whose house he was educated; but the countess, having formed a connexion early in life with a French adventurer, a Bonapartist, which of course had obliged her family to cast her off, was at the time of his unexpected succession, concealed in some obscure retreat, some say a prison, some a madhouse, and was brought forward, to the amazement of all Vienna, by the family confessor; some meddling Capuchin, who had never lost sight of her. She was in a most precarious state of health, and was not at first expected to survive her change of fortunes."

"And what has brought her hither?"

"She remains at Pesth while the family castle in Esclavonia is fitting for her reception—for she has resolved to educate her son upon his patrimony, till he is old enough to commence his studies at the National University. We know nothing of the countess but from report; for she has declined entering into the society of the city, and has had the *maladresse* to refuse an invitation from the palatine himself, on the grounds of ill health and recent affliction. *Entre nous*, I rather imagine that the fair lady is conscious her long seclusion from society has rendered her somewhat unfit to move in the circle to which her descent admits her."

It was not for a stranger like myself to controvert this opinion, or to assure my self-important friend that not even the Countess Téléki, the Lady Jersey of Pesth, might vie with the young Countess Woleska, in a gentle, graceful timidity of address, which cannot become either out of date, or *déplacé*; I ventured, however, to assert that she had

never been confined either in a prison or a mad-house.

"You are acquainted with her then, and have been betraying me into relating anecdotes of your friend. This is not fair, but it affords me at least the pleasure of assuring the countess' enemies that her intimate acquaintance has vindicated—"

"Permit me to assure you that I never interchanged a syllable with the Countess Woleska; but I again repeat, on the authority of those best informed, that there never existed a brighter example of the first virtue of womanhood—motherly affection."

I never saw this interesting woman again; but I was satisfied to leave her in the possession of every earthly blessing; and to know that a life of suffering and resignation had been repaid by moments of joy such as can have rarely fallen to mortal lot. May they be long and frequently renewed!

#### PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

"It was the custom of the Jews to select the tenth of their sheep after this manner. The lambs were separated from the dams, and enclosed in a sheep-cote, with only one narrow way out; the dams were at the entrance. On opening the gate, the lambs hastened to join the dams, and a man placed at the entrance, with a rod dipped in ochre, touched every tenth lamb, and so marked it with his rod, saying 'LET THIS BE HOLY.' Hence says God by his prophet, 'I will cause you to pass under the rod.'"

I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride  
Bedecked in her snowy array,  
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her  
cheek,  
And the future looked blooming and gay,  
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart  
At the shrine of idolatrous love,  
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing  
earth,  
By the chain which her tenderness wove.  
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding  
and torn,  
And the chain had been severed in two,  
She had changed her white robes for the sables  
of grief,  
And her bloom to the paleness of woe;  
Yet the Healer was there, pouring balm on her  
heart,  
And wiping the tears from her eyes,  
And he strengthened the chain he had broken in  
twain,  
And fastened it firm to the skies.  
There had whispered a voice—'t was the voice of  
her God,  
"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!"

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend  
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,  
And she kissed the soft lips as he murmured her  
name,  
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.  
Oh, sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,  
When its fragrance is flung on the air,  
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,  
As he lay in his innocence there!  
But I saw; when she gazed on the same lovely  
form,  
Pale as marble, and silent, and cold,

But paler and colder her beautiful boy,  
And the tale of her sorrow was told.  
Yet the Healer was there, who had smitten her  
heart,

And taken her treasure away;  
To allure her to heaven he has placed it on high,  
And the mourner will sweetly obey!  
There had whispered a voice—'t was the voice of  
her God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!"  
I saw when a father and mother had leaned  
On the arms of a dear cherished son,  
And the star in the future grew bright in their gaze,  
As they saw the proud place he had won:  
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,  
And its pathway grew smoothed to their feet,  
And the star-light of love glimmered bright at the  
end,

And the whispers of fancy were sweet;  
But I saw when they stood bending low o'er the  
grave,

Where their hearts' dearest hope had been laid,  
And the star had gone down in the darkness of  
night,  
And joy from their bosoms had fled.  
Yet the Healer was there, and his arms were  
around,

And he led them with tenderest care,  
And he showed them a star in the bright upper  
world—  
'T was their star shining brilliantly there!  
They had each heard a voice—'t was the voice of  
their God,

"I love thee, I love thee!—pass under the rod!"  
MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

AFFECTION OF DOGS.—Dogs have been known to die from excess of joy at seeing their masters after a long absence. An English officer had a large dog, which he left with his family in England, while he accompanied an expedition to America, during the war of the colonies. All the time of his absence the animal appeared very much dejected. When the officer returned home, the dog, who happened to be lying at the door of an apartment into which his master was about to enter, immediately recognized him, leaped upon his neck, licked his face, and in a few minutes fell dead at his feet. A favorite spaniel of a lady recently died on seeing his beloved mistress after a long absence.—*Jessie's Anecdotes*.

From the (N. York) Sailor's Magazine, June and July, 1846.

VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY C. F. WINSLOW, M. D.

*Some account of Captain Mercator Cooper's visit to Japan in the whale ship Manhattan, of Sag Harbor.*

IT was about the first of April, as Captain Cooper was proceeding towards the whaling regions of the northern ocean, that he passed, in the neighborhood of St. Peters, a small island lying a few degrees to the S. E. of Niphon. It is comparatively barren and was supposed to be uninhabited; but being near it, Captain C. thought he would explore the shore for turtle, to afford his ship's company some refreshment. While tracing the shore along, he discovered a pinnace of curious construction, which resembled somewhat those he had seen in the China seas. Turning his walks inland, he entered where he unexpectedly saw at some distance from him several persons in uncouth dresses, who appeared alarmed at his intrusion and immediately fled to a more secluded part of the valley. He continued his walk and soon came to a hut, where were collected eleven men, whom he afterwards found to be Japanese. As he approached them they came forward and prostrated themselves to the earth before him, and remained on their faces for some time. They were much alarmed and expected to be destroyed; but Captain C., with great kindness, reconciled them to his presence, and learned by signs that they had been shipwrecked on St. Peters many months before. He took them to the shore, pointed to his vessel, and informed them that he would take them to Jeddo, if they would entrust themselves to his care. They consented with great joy; and abandoning everything they had on the island, embarked with him immediately for his ship.

Captain C. determined to proceed at once with them to Jeddo, the capital of the Japanese Empire, notwithstanding its well known regulations, prohibiting American and other foreign vessels to enter its waters. The captain had two great laudable objects in view. The first was to restore the shipwrecked strangers to their homes. The other was to make a strong and favorable impression on the government, in respect to the civilization of the United States, and its friendly disposition to the emperor and people of Japan. How he succeeded in the latter object the sequel will show; and I will make but few remarks, either on the boldness of Captain C.'s resolution, or its ultimate consequences touching the intercourse of the Japanese with other nations. The step decided on, however, has led to some curious and interesting information relative to this country, whose institutions, and the habits of whose people are but little known to the civilized world.

Captain C. left St. Peters, and after sailing a day or two in the direction of Niphon, he descried a huge and shapeless object on the ocean, which proved to be a Japanese ship or "junk," as these vessels are called—wrecked and in a sinking condition. She was from a port on the extreme north of Niphon, with a cargo of pickled salmon, bound for Jeddo. She had been shattered and dismantled some weeks previous, and was drifting about the ocean at the mercy of the winds, and as a gale arose the following day, the captain thinks she must have sunk. From this ship he took eleven men more—all Japanese—and made sail again for the shores of Niphon. Among the articles taken

from the wreck by its officers, were some books and a chart of the principal islands composing the empire of Japan. This chart I shall speak of in detail hereafter, and it is perhaps, one of the most interesting specimens of geographical art and literature, which has ever wandered from the shores of eastern Asia.

In making land, our navigator found himself considerably to the north of Jeddo; but approaching near the coast, he landed in his boat, accompanied by one or two of his passengers. Here, he noticed many of the inhabitants employed in fishing at various distances from land. The natives he met on shore were mostly fishermen, and all appeared to belong to the common or lower classes of society. They seemed intelligent and happy, were pleased with his visit, and made no objection to his landing. From this place he despatched one of his passengers to the emperor, who was at Jeddo, with the intelligence of his intention or wish to enter the harbor of the capital with his ship, for the purpose of landing the men whom he had found under such distressed circumstances, and to obtain water and other necessaries to enable him to proceed on his voyage. He then returned to his ship, and sailing along the coast for many leagues, compared his own charts with the one taken from the wreck. The winds becoming unfavorable, however, he was driven away from the land so far, that after they changed, it took him a week to recover a position near the place where he first landed. He went on shore again, despatched two other messengers to the capital, with the same information that he had previously sent, and the reason of his detention. He sailed again for Jeddo, and the winds proving auspicious, in due time he entered the mouth of the bay, deep within which the city is situated. As he sailed along the passage, a barge met him coming from the city, in command of a person who, from his rich dress, appeared to be an officer of rank and consequence. This personage informed him that his messengers had arrived at court, and that the emperor had granted him permission to come up to Jeddo with his ship. He was, however, directed to anchor under a certain headland for the night, and the next morning was towed up to his anchorage within a furlong of the city.

The ship was immediately visited by a great number of people of all ranks, from the governor of Jeddo and the high officers attached to the person of the emperor, arrayed in golden and gorgeous tunics, to the lowest menials of the government, clothed in rags. All were filled with an insatiable curiosity to see the strangers, and inspect the thousand novelties presented to their view.

Captain Cooper was very soon informed by a native interpreter who had been taught Dutch, and who could speak a few words of English, but who could talk still more intelligibly by signs, that neither he nor his crew would be allowed to go out of his ship, and that if they should attempt it they would be put to death. This fact was communicated by the very significant symbol of drawing a naked sword across the throat. The captain dealt kindly with all, obtained their confidence and assured them he had no inclination to transgress their laws, but only desired to make known to the emperor and the great officers of Japan, the kind feelings of himself and of the people of America towards them and their countrymen. The Japanese seamen who had been taken from the desolate island and from the wreck, when part-

ing from their preserver, manifested the warmest affection and gratitude for his kindness. They clung to him and shed many tears. This scene—the reports of the shipwrecked men, of the many kindnesses they had received—and the uniformly prudent and amicable deportment of the American captain, made a very favorable impression on the Governor of Jeddo. During his stay, this great dignitary treated him with the most distinguished civility and kindness.

But neither captain nor crew of the Manhattan were allowed to go over her side. Officers were kept on board continually to prevent any infraction of this regulation, and the more securely to ensure its maintenance, and prevent all communication with the shore, the ship was surrounded and guarded by three circular barriers of boats. Each circle was about a hundred feet asunder, and the inner one about one hundred from the ship. In the first circle the boats were tied to a hawser so compactly that their sides touched each other, and that nothing could pass between, or break through them. The sterns of the boats were next the ship, and in these were erected long lances and other steel weapons, of various and curious forms, such as are never seen or heard of, among European nations. Sometimes they were covered with lacquered sheaths, at others, they were left to glisten in the sun, apparently for the purpose of informing the foreigners, that their application would follow any attempt to pass them. Among these, were mingled flags and banners of various colors and devices. In the middle of this circle, between the Manhattan and the city, was stationed a large junk, in which the officers resided, who commanded the guard surrounding the ship. The boats composing the second circle, were not so numerous, and those in the third were more scattering still; but the number thus employed, was almost bewildering to look upon. They amounted to nearly a thousand, and were all armed and ornamented in a similar manner. It was a scene of the most intense interest and amusement to the Americans, the most of whom had never heard of the strange customs of this secluded and almost unknown people. As magnificent and wonderful a spectacle, however, as this array of boats presented during the day, decorated with gaudy banners and with glittering spears of an infinite variety of forms—in the night it was exceeded by a display of lanterns in such countless numbers, and of such shapes and transparencies, as almost to entrance the beholders and to remind them of the magic in the Arabian Tales. The character and rigor of the guard stationed about the ship, was at one time accidentally put to the test. The captain wishing to repair one of his boats, attempted to lower it from the cranes into the water, in order to take it in over the vessel's side. All the Japanese on board immediately drew their swords. The officer in charge of the deck guard, appeared greatly alarmed at the procedure, remonstrated kindly, but with great earnestness, against it, and declared to Captain C. that they should be slain if they permitted it, and that his own head would be in danger if he persisted in the act. The captain assured the officer that he had no intention to go on shore, and explained to him clearly what his object was. When it was fully understood, great pleasure was manifested by the Japanese officer. He commanded the crew who were managing the boat to leave it, and set a host of his menials to work, who took it into the ship without allowing it to touch the water.

The Manhattan was at anchor in the harbor of Jeddo four days, during which time the captain was supplied by command of the emperor with wood, water, rice, rye in the grain, vegetables of various kinds, and some crockery composed of the lacquered ware of the country. He was recruited with everything of which he stood in need, and all remuneration was refused. But he was told explicitly never to come again to Japan, for if he did, he would greatly displease the emperor. During these four days, he had many conversations with the governor of Jeddo, and other persons of rank, through their interpreter. In one of these, he was informed by the governor, that the only reason why he was allowed to remain in the waters of Japan, was because the emperor felt assured that he could not be a bad-hearted foreigner, by his having come so far out of his way to bring poor persons to their native country, who were wholly strangers to him. He was told that the emperor thought well of his "heart" and had consequently commanded all his officers to treat him with marked attention, and to supply all his wants.

The day before he left, the emperor sent him his autograph, as the most notable token of his own respect and consideration. It is often said that the greatest men are most careless in their chirography, and in this case, the imperial hand would support the truth of the remark, for the autograph, by the size and boldness of its characters, appeared as if a half-grown chicken had stepped into muddy water, and then walked two or three times deliberately over a sheet of coarse paper, than like any other print to which I can imagine a resemblance.

Among the books taken from the wreck was a small one, in form like a note-book, filled with figures of various and eccentric forms and pictures of spears and battle-axes of strange and anomalous patterns. Under each were characters, probably explanatory of the objects attached to them. Both figure and character were neatly and beautifully executed, and they presented the appearance of having been issued from a press of type copperplate like the plates of astronomical and other scientific works. This little book attracted Capt. Cooper's attention and excited his curiosity to such a degree that, after noticing similar figures embroidered in gold on the tunics of the high officers, he ventured to inquire their explanation. He then learned that it was a kind of illustration of the heraldry of the empire—a record of the armorial ensigns of the different ranks of officers and the nobility existing in the country. Capt. C. allowed me to examine this book and it appeared to me to be a great curiosity both as a specimen of typographical art, and as giving us information of the numerous grades of Japanese aristocracy, and the insignia by which they may be distinguished.

These figures were wrought always on the back of the officer's tunic, and the weapon which appertained to his rank corresponded with the one drawn under the ensign in the book alluded to. Each grade of officers commanded a body of men whose weapons were of a particular and given shape, and those weapons were used by no others under an officer of different grade, or wearing a different badge on his tunic.

In a conversation with the governor, when the latter told our navigator he must never come to Japan again, Capt. C. asked him "how he would wish him to act under the same circumstances." The governor was somewhat disconcerted—shrugged his shoulders—and evaded by replying that "he must not come again." Captain Cooper then

asked him " If he should leave his countrymen to starve or drown when it was in his power to take them from another wreck." He intimated that it would please the emperor more for them to be left, than for strangers to visit his dominions. Capt. C. told him that he never would see them drown or starve, but should rescue them and feed them; and then inquired what he should do with them. The governor replied, " carry them to some Dutch port, but never come to Japan again." This was all spoken by the governor with mildness but with firmness also, as if he uttered the imperial will.

The governor of Jeddo is represented to be a grave and elderly looking man, somewhat gray, with a remarkably intelligent and benignant countenance, and of very mild and prepossessing manners. He appeared interested with Capt. C.'s account of the people and civilization of America, and the latter spared no pains to leave a good impression of the American name and character, especially as a trading people, on the minds of those high officers whose position might carry them into audience with their sovereign.

The day he left the country the interpreter gave him an open letter, without a signature, written in the Dutch language, with a bold and skilful hand. Mr. Lingren, the clerk in the consulate, a gentleman learned in many languages of Northern Europe, has translated it, and stated to me the leading ideas contained therein. This document informs the world that the bearer of it has furnished assistance to Japanese sailors in distress, and had brought them to their native land—and then commands all Dutchmen who may encounter him shipwrecked and in want, to afford him similar services. It further declares, for the information of Holland and China—the only nations in the world with which they have any commercial treaty, or who are allowed within the waters of the empire—that the persons in the foreign ship had been allowed no communication with the shore, and had been strictly debarred from all knowledge of the commodities or commerce of the country. Furthermore that the foreign ship had been a long time at sea, and had become destitute of wood, water and provisions, and that the government had furnished the recruits of which she stood in need.

It was early in April, that Capt. Cooper visited Japan; and he represents the climate and appearance of the country to be pleasant and lovely in the extreme. Wherever he inspected the coast, the whole earth teemed with the most luxuriant verdure. Every acre of hill and dale appeared in the highest state of cultivation. Where the eminences were too steep for the agricultural genius of the inhabitants, they were formed into terraces, so that for miles together they presented the appearance of hanging gardens. Numerous white neat-looking dwellings studded the whole country. Some of them are so charmingly situated on sloping hill sides and sequestered amidst foliage of a fresh and living green that the delighted mariners almost sighed to transplant their homes there—the spots were so sunny, so inviting and so peaceful.

The whole appearance of the landscape indicated a dense and industrious population. Around the capital, the same signs of culture were exhibited as in the country, further north. The city itself was so filled with trees and foliage, that not houses enough could be distinguished from the ship to indicate with certainty that a city existed, or to allow the circuit of it to be defined. The buildings

were white and rather low, and no towers or temples were seen peering above the other edifices.

The harbor of Jeddo presented a maritime population as numerous and industrious as that which appeared to exist on the land. Vessels of all sorts and sizes, from mere shallop to immense junks, were under sail or at anchor, wherever the eye turned on the bay. Jeddo seemed to be the mart of a prodigious coastwise commerce, and the whole sea was alive with the bustle and activity appertaining to it.

The Japanese, from Capt. C.'s observations, are rather a short race of men, square built and solid, and do not possess Mongolian features to the extent exhibited in the Chinese. They are of a light olive complexion, are intelligent, polite and educated.

The dresses of the common people, were wide trousers and a loose garment of blue cotton. Dignitaries and persons of consequence were clothed in rich silks, profusely embroidered with gold and silken thread of various colors, according to their rank. Some of these personages were so splendidly attired, as to excite great admiration in the foreign visitors. No woollen fabric composed any part of their dress, but of this material they seemed particularly curious, and examined it with great attention. It seemed a great novelty, and all the small pieces they could obtain were solicited and taken on shore as objects of curiosity.

But the map of which I spoke, in the early part of this communication, is perhaps one of the most interesting illustrations of Japanese civilization which has come into our possession. It embraces the island of Nippon, all the islands south of it, and a small part of Jeddo on the north. It is four feet long and nearly as broad, and when folded up, resembles a common church music book, handsomely bound in boards. As will be perceived the islands are projected on an uncommonly large scale. The minutest indentations in the coast, with all the trading ports, large and small are laid down, apparently after accurate surveys. Capt. Cooper found the coast which he followed to be correctly delineated, by his astronomical observations, and his own charts of Nippon were altogether erroneous. The tracks of the coastwise trade are traced throughout the whole group, from Jesso to Nangasaki. But the most interesting part of this production is the topography of the interior of the islands. They are laid out in districts, and all variously colored, like the states of our republic in Mitchell's map. The smallest villages are denoted and named. The residence of the governor in each district, and other public establishments occupying less ground are also delineated. They are all embraced in enclosures of different shape and coloring, and from the uniformity of these, in appearance and number in every district, we may suppose the administration of the government of Japan is conducted with great system. This is in accordance with our previous knowledge of the country. The rivers, even their smallest tributaries, are all traced to their source. The number and extent of these streams are surprising. No country of its size can be more abundantly watered than Nippon. The streams are so numerous, that the whole interior has the appearance of being irrigated by countless canals. But they are evidently river channels, and can all be followed from their sources in the valleys to their junction with each other and their termination in the sea. The public roads are exceedingly numer-

ons, intersecting the whole country from shore to shore, and indicating a vast amount of travel throughout the empire. In several parts, high mountains are laid down in dark coloring. These occur occasionally, in small groups, and occupy but little space. The general appearance of the country is that of bold and lofty hills alternating with great numbers of broad valleys. All pour forth rills and streams which fertilize the earth as they flow along, and afford a thousand advantages and encouragements to an industrious population engaged like the Japanese, in agricultural and commercial arts. The whole empire swarms with towns and hamlets. It is almost impossible to conceive its populousness without an inspection of this map.

On one side of the sheet is a large amount of unintelligible writing, which appears to be explanatory of the figures, characters, roads, &c., in the different districts on the map. If interpreted they might furnish us with much novel information.

This map, with several other articles in Captain C.'s possession, was accidentally left in his ship by the Japanese. They desired to give him many things which they perceived were interesting to him, but they assured him they would be in danger of losing their heads should the emperor learn that they had furnished strangers with any means of information relative to their country or its institutions. They showed great and real alarm on this subject, and concealed or destroyed many things as they approached Jeddo, which had been about the ship. Capt. C. took no advantage of their dependent situation, but allowed them to follow their own inclinations in all respects.

Having laid at anchor four days and replenished his stores of wood, water, &c., he signified his readiness to depart, but the winds were adverse and it was impossible for him to get to sea. There seemed to be no disposition manifested by the government to force him away, but there was none for him to remain a moment beyond the time when his wants had been satisfied. A head wind and tide presented no impediments to going away from Japan in the mind of the governor of Jeddo. At his command, the anchor was weighed, and a line of boats was attached to the bows of the ship, so long that they could not be numbered. They were arranged four abreast, proceeded in the greatest order, and were supposed to amount to nearly a thousand. It was an immense train, and presented a spectacle to the eyes of the seamen, approaching the marvellous. The boats, instead of being propelled by rowing or paddles, were all sculled by a single oar, employed however, by several men. In this manner the Manhattan was towed twenty miles out to sea, and the officer in charge of the fleet would have taken her a greater distance, had not further aid been declined. The Japanese then took a courteous leave of our hero, and while his long train of barges wheeled with a slow and graceful motion towards the shore—the latter spread his sails for the less hospitable regions of Kamtschatka and the N. W. Coast, highly gratified with the result of his adventure among this recluse, but highly civilized people.

THE Jews of France, represented by fourteen delegates, and the members of the central consistory, have just elected M. Ennery, Grand Rabbi of the Paris district, to the post of Grand Rabbi of the whole of France.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

From Mr. Walsh's letters to the National Intelligencer.

Paris, June 29, 1846.

THE morning after the date of my last missive, we were inexpressibly relieved and exhilarated by the news of Gen. Taylor's victories over the Mexicans. So much sinister prediction from your side of the Atlantic excited even in my confident mind vague apprehensions for the safety of the general, and absolute despondency in some of my friends. But we are more than indemnified. Europe is impressed in the most beneficial way, by the battles, the subsequent proceedings of congress, and the patriotic manifestations of the whole Union. It is now understood how the immense majority of the American people would act in the event of a rupture with Great Britain or any European power. Before the end of the sitting of the deputies on the 17th instant two eminent members of the chamber (of the opposition) went to Versailles, where I then was, to congratulate me on the *Rio Grande* occurrences, and to describe the effect of the intelligence on the chamber. Lively satisfaction pervaded the assembly; most of the conservatives even betrayed that feeling; Mr. Guizot, two of his colleagues, and a few of his party, the nearest and most devoted, were alone chap-fallen; their disconcertion seemed to amuse the rest. It was added by my visitors that, should war between the United States and England ensue, twenty thousand French volunteers, under the command of experienced officers, would at once endeavor to reach your shores for the purpose of joining in the invasion of Canada. This does not pass from me as an incitement to war, which I deprecate as much as any one, under the proper reserves of honor and right: but it is meant as evidence of the disposition of the French in general. They are far from being reconciled to the British. With a few exceptions, I have not, in my long and various intercourse with Frenchmen, encountered any who entertained for the British, as a nation, other sentiments than jealousy, dislike, and immemorial resentments. Veteran officers of the garrison of Versailles, with whom I have chatted at the reading-room which I frequent there, on the operations of General Taylor, pronounce the most flattering judgment in respect to boldness, skill, and the entire professional process. The French opposition press has been, in the main, liberal, but a slight military jealousy may be deemed natural where temperament and history beget the highest, and in a degree, exclusive beligerent pretensions. Your troops on the *Rio Grande* fought the Mexicans under more disadvantages than did the British the Sikhs on the *Sutlej*, or the French the Moors at *Isly*. Further successes, with like moderation in the use of victory, and a language so simple, so unambitious as that of the official despatches, will strengthen and animate the friends of the United States and of republicanism throughout Europe. It strikes me, as I read your reports of the speeches in congress, that the oratory of both houses is more bombastic than heretofore: the question and the transactions of war may have stimulated and inflated the rhetorical vein: in some cases, the intumescence justly provokes European ridicule.

A considerable and rapid diminution in every respect of French shipping has excited a patriotic alarm among the politicians; the subject has been treated with vivacity in both chambers. The *National* recommends the abrogation of the convention

of 1822; I translate for you a part of what was said in the chamber of peers on the 22d instant. Count Beugnot held this language: "The treaty of 1822, with the United States, is one of the main causes of the decay of the French shipping. For twenty-four years past that republic has been changing her tariffs always in a way to affect injuriously French imports. At this moment the modifications proposed to her congress, the substitution universally of the *ad valorem* system for specific duties, must be highly unfavorable to our silks, wines, and jewelry, and what have we done on our side? Remonstrated, complained, in vain. Have we tried with that haughty nation, as I must call her, a language fitted to make her reflect on her proceedings towards us? Not at all. Since we consented to discharge a debt very doubtful at the least, the twenty-five millions of francs, she has imagined that she has but to elevate her voice to obtain from us whatever she desires. For my part, I wish that our government would try to make that people comprehend that, if not gratitude, some little kindness or equity is due to us for the past. I deem it possible to enter on a negotiation, for the purpose not of withdrawing from the United States all the benefit which accrues to them from the treaty of 1822, but of procuring an equal division of it between them and us." The next day Count de Montalembert delivered an elaborate and really eloquent harangue on the French naval forces and interests, the commercial marine, and the paramount importance of an extensive navigation: "The *shipping interest*," he said, "is the first of all national concerns in the question of home industry. It is that which has created great nations in modern times, and without it there can be no real and permanent greatness. To it England owes her prosperity and potency. See how she has fostered it: how it stands first in all her debates, polities, and legislation. Look at the United States. Thanks to their commercial marine, they make head against England; they share with her the empire of the seas. It is not their navy or military marine that constitutes their glory or security; they nobly defended the freedom of the seas from 1812 to 1817; but, after all, they performed nothing very great, and they are very inferior in naval strength. What there is great with them—what enables them to brave England is an admirable mercantile marine, for which everything is done, because the Americans know that it is the foundation of their might, prosperity, and national security. Contrast with America the kingdom of Portugal, that sacrificed her shipping interest to the exactions of England. I declare to you that I agree with Count Beugnot; the primary cause of our decline in that interest is to be found in the conventions of 1822 with the United States, and of 1826 with England. The minister of finance has pledged himself (and the engagement is important) to secure the monopoly of the transportation of tobacco to the mercantile marine of France. We have been told that the American government has protested—not as Count Beugnot said yesterday—against the transportation of coal exclusively under the French flag, but against that of tobacco. I trust that the protest will not be suffered to prevail, because it cannot be well founded." The minister neither admitted nor denied the pledge. On the subject of the convention of 1822, the cabinet have said nothing in either chamber: it will not, I think, be disturbed. The *Courrier* of Havre sets the subject in lights quite sufficient to

deter the government from tampering with the question of reciprocity.

Professor Morse had the goodness to send me an account of the recent achievements of the electrical telegraph, with a copy of the *Baltimore Sun* containing the President's message on the Mexican war, as it was magically transmitted to that paper. I sent the communications to Pouillet, the deputy, author of the report heretofore mentioned to you, and he placed them in the hands of Arago, who submitted their very interesting and decisive contents to the Academy of Sciences and the chamber of deputies. In the chamber on the 18th instant, when the proposed appropriation for an electrical telegraph from this capital to the Belgian frontier came under consideration, Berryer opposed it on the ground that the experiment of the new system was not complete; that it would be well to wait for the full trial of what was undertaken between Paris and Rouen. Arago answered: "The experiment is consummate: in the United States the matter is settled irresistibly. I received three days ago the *Sun* of Baltimore, with a letter of Mr. Morse, one of the most honorable men of his country, and here is the President's message printed from the telegraph in two or three hours; the message would fill four columns of the *Moniteur*; it could not have been copied by the most rapid penman in a shorter time than it was transmitted. The galvanic fluid travels seventy thousand leagues per minute." The appropriation, of nearly half a million of francs, was passed with only a few dissenting voices. The minister of the interior observed on this occasion: "We do not mean to consent that the companies to whom we may allow the electrical telegraph shall use it for any other purpose than the service of the railroads. We mean to keep our state secrets; to prevent undue speculation; to allow no commercial advantages." The bill has been reported to the chamber of peers, with a circumstantial and able recommendation from the pen of Gabriel Delessert, chairman of the committee of peers. When the line to the frontier shall be finished, there will be a continuous electrical communication from Paris through Belgium to the northern states of Germany. Monsieur Gounou's Telegraphic Dictionary (for the aerial system) was pronounced, in the chamber of deputies, to be "the admiration of the most eminent men of science."

In the chamber of peers, on the 26th instant, in answer to a question about Tahiti, the minister of marine stated that the government intended to make of the group of islands a *strong maritime station*, and concentrate all its stores and *materiel* there. You observe that the *annexation* is complete.

Politicians of the first order here, who understand the European horizon in its aspects towards your Union and your republicanism, are astonished at the hesitation or delay of congress in authorizing the ten additional steam vessels of war.

#### June 30.

The discourse of the Archbishop of Cambray, at the celebration of the opening of the Northern railroad, is superlative for beauty of diction and enlightened liberality of spirit. I offer you a passage:

"Sound political economy triumphs on these occasions; it sees the diffusion of products and the equality of prices; so does philosophy, contemplating so potent and rapid a vehicle of intellectual light and civilizing sentiments. Religion, too, may well rejoice. Some men, indeed, sincerely

devoted to her cause, have seemed, on her account, to fear this new impetus to human activity, this universal contact of souls and ideas, as if a sensible deterioration of creeds and morals would inevitably result. Let me speak my whole mind on this topic. I do not share in such foreboding: of this I am profoundly convinced, that all the great discoveries which enlarge the old bounds and change the known relations between men belong primarily to the beneficent design and action of Providence, advancing as it does, at epochs marked by its wisdom, our poor humanity a step towards the goal fixed for us at the creation. The true origin of most of those discoveries is hidden in mysterious clouds of remote time: interrogate history for the name of the first inventor, and you remain without a certain response. It is God's secret. What, then, has religion, the daughter of Heaven, to dread from the works of Heaven? Can she admit that the divine author will contradict himself by exposing her to trials stronger than her divine constitution? If steam transports evil as well as good, falsehood as well as truth—if, as did the discoveries of printing and the new world, it should widen indefinitely the arena of the eternal battle between *rationalism* and faith—still, can we think victory doubtful? Has not God himself pledged his word—*the truth of God shall remain forever*: Wings are granted to the gospel, not less than to the doctrines called *new*. Light reaches our eyes by the same medium which the thunder and the storms wildly traverse."

We have various delineations of the new pope Pius IX., but not one quite authentic. Railroads he will admit; he clearly interprets—they say—the signs, and will gradually satisfy the exigencies of the time; his exterior corresponds to the dignity of his station and the amenity of his character.

According to letters from Rome, the new Pope is particularly well affected to France, and immediately manifested a predilection for the French envoy, Count Rossi—an Italian by the way, and late professor of political economy in Paris, in which department of knowledge his publications have repute. Our journals observe that the internal tranquillity of France even depends in a degree on papal action; not so much, however, as in the cases of Belgium, Poland, Spain, and Portugal. In no other community of the same numbers, has the Roman church more bitter enemies and fewer real votaries than here at Paris. The fact is that the papal power for secular objects, has materially declined over the world, and can scarcely commit very grave abuse or provoke distinct disorders in any country. The restraints of new origin and influence forbid its exorbitancy either at home or abroad. Every impartial reader of history will concede that, for many ages it was exercised more beneficially in the correction of evil and the performance of good—with more moderation, mildness, reason, decorum, and refinement—than what legal or laical rule soever.

At the deliberation of the peers respecting the forms of the trial of Lacomte, the assassin, the question emerged whether he could be permitted to wear his military insignia; Duke Pasquier observed that there was a precedent in the instance of Marshal Ney, who was not allowed to appear with them on his arraignment. The duke meant no slur probably on the memory of Ney, but the remark supplied the opposition, and in particular the revolutionary journals, with a rich topic of complaint, as if the

marshal and the infamous Lacomte had been studiously confounded. A son of Ney possesses a seat in the chamber of peers—the Prince de la Moskowa—as a tribute to the paternity. He yielded either to his own impulses of filial love and pride, or to the clamors of the press, and on the 19th instant passionately and at some length called the president to account for his reminiscence, and invoked the condign reprobation of the chamber. In the course of his speech he cried: "Does any one here avow participation in an act (the condemnation of his father) which the upright of all countries now stigmatize? If there be one sponsor, let him venture to rise, and I will yield him due credit, just notoriety, for the extraordinary proof of courage." Instantly, General Count de Castellane, a peer of military and political consequence, stood up: he had already claimed the tribune after the prince: a pause—much commotion—among the peers. The prince only observed that he did not know the trials which might await him in the chamber, and he then continued his main remonstrance. When he had finished, de Castellane, whose father, a general, had voted Ney guilty, entered the tribune, and attempted to speak. The *National's* account of what passed at this stage is not exaggerated. I extract a part of it for you:

"M. de Castellane had not ascended the steps of the tribune before there arose cries from all sides of the chamber of 'No, no!' 'The order of the day!' The president declared that M. de Castellane had received permission to speak, but numerous voices exclaimed 'He shall not have it.' He, however, though pale, was intrepid enough to speak. The storm increased, and raged on every bench. He opened his mouth, but the tumult extinguished his words. He made gestures, showing that he was determined to maintain the responsibility he had assumed in bravado. He was seen, but not heard. Nothing could be distinguished but a confused noise, such as the septuagenary vaults had never before given out. Amidst the rappings made with the paper knives upon the desks, the stamping of feet on the floor, and the vociferation of 'The order of the day,' three or four generals arose, and cried out in indignant terms, 'It is infamous!' One said, 'It is abominable!' 'Come down from the tribune!' 'Enough, enough!' 'Too much!' General Roguet, who was below us, could not resist his feelings; his eye flamed as if he were in battle; his old blood was up, and his voice as if in the midst of conflicting armies. We more than once thought he would rush forward as if mounting to the assault, and make a breach in the dress of his colleague. This extraordinary scene lasted more than ten minutes; all the dignity of the chamber was lost. During this time M. Pasquier stood behind M. de Castellane, now addressing himself to him, now appearing to be struck dumb by the tremendous explosion. He endeavored to obtain silence, but all his authority was gone; the chamber would not allow any one of its members to exhibit the scandalous attempt to show any adhesion, however remote, to the infamous deed of which it had been reminded."

The general published the next day all that he intended to express; he asserted the patriotic spirit and sense of duty which actuated his father, and his own readiness to abide all responsibility. Too many of the judges of Ney remain in the Chamber; and the subject of the judicial murder grates or probes too sorely and excitingly the na-

tional sensibilities to admit, as yet, of that serene retrospect, and that solemn *rehabilitation* which the marshal's descendants should one day or other demand and obtain. "The Republic," remarks a paragraphist, "murdered Louis XVI.;" the Empire, "the Duke D'Enghien; the Restoration, Michael Ney; these are three odious stains on our history: silence and resignation for the present are preferable to outcries. The Revolution of July, thank God, is free from such abominable *reactions*." The war in Algeria, however, remains and expands on the escutcheon of the July government; its horrors are so uniform and familiar, and so obscured, indeed, by national foibles and passions, that they are seen and felt by comparatively few of any class of Frenchmen. In the chamber of peers, yesterday afternoon, the bill of appropriations for Algeria induced a discussion of the case, highly creditable to some of the orators. Count Boissy, d'Anglas, General de Castellane, General de Cubieres, Baron Merilhou, denounced the fell *razzias* and the whole character and result of the hostilities. The first said: "Must the French nation, that was wont to protect the weak from the strong and practise magnanimity in the use of its superior might, must she, now, changed from her former self, *under the sad influences of the policy of July*, pursue, with fire and sword, the very same tribes to whom she proclaimed, when she reduced the city of Algiers, that she came not to conquer them, but to deliver them from the tyrants by whom they were oppressed." The second, de Castellane, said: "The *razzias* are a terrible and barbarous means: they cast immorality into the heart of the soldier; he fights and ravages on his own account; his officers are unable to restrain him in the multitude of enormities which he perpetrates before their eyes. If we had, with this system, two hundred instead of our present one hundred thousand troops, they would perish alike in the same gulf." He advised a viceroyalty in Algeria, in the person of one of the king's sons. Merilhou instituted a comparison or contrast between the processes of colonization and territorial acquisition in the United States and those in Algeria, vastly to the advantage of American legislation and practice. He recommended the formal incorporation of the *conquest* with France, that civil policy and guaranties might prevail. The Marquis de la Place contended that the French generals and troops were right and glorious in all their measures; that the hundred millions of francs spent annually, and the one hundred thousand men kept in Algeria, were matters of congratulation; they corrected the effects of a thirty years' peace on the French martial nature; he admired the patience, the forbearance of the army, considering the acts and dispositions of the Arabs! Villemain, the celebrated author and minister of public instruction, handled the theme like a rival orator to the poet Lamartine, whose eloquent reprobation of the war I have already reported. Villemain regretted the late risings of the Arabs, but the repression of them fortified French domination. It was quite and specially *providential* that there was an Algeria so near to France, nearer than Carthage was to Rome, where France could soon find and accomplish what Roman energies and legions achieved only in the course of centuries. Any system must be good that consolidated French rule on the African soil: France must be powerful for the sake of *humanity* and *civilization*; the employment of military forces so

considerable was a principle of *humanity*; it caused revolt to despair; it precluded vain and frequent efforts at resistance; no formal incorporation was necessary; *extensions of territory were not decreed and proclaimed, they executed and consummated themselves*. Thus lectured the philosopher and professor; while generals, hardened in the field, and eminently qualified to decide on the nature and course of the war, honestly shuddered, and invoked the disgust, the frowns, and the shame of their brother peers. The havoc made with the rights, morals, and lives of the poor natives of Tahiti might also beget some shame and compunction. Marshal Bugeaud, in a late proclamation, reckons the number of Arabs, prisoners in France, at four or five thousand. In the official bulletins, Abd-el-Kader is styled *l'insaisable*, the *unseizable*. One commander in pursuit reports that the Emir, though once a lion, is now only a fox to be tracked; another, that he was *nearly* caught on the first of this month. The Russians are preparing a new expedition against the mountaineers of the Caucasus. They have their Abd-el-Kader in Shamil, the Imaum. The recent and pregnant debates in the British parliament are margined for you in my copies of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*; but you are too heavily laden to accept a fresh burden. In the recess of Congress, you may be able to admit a general survey of the session of that body, and another of the British ministerial and parliamentary history since the autumn. Permit me to direct your glance at present only to the debates in the House of Lords on the customs' bill, and on the question of bonded corn, (22d instant,) in which are various references to American production, trade, and manufactures. Note Lord Dalhousie's exposition of the tariff reform system, and the subjoined matter quoted by Lord Monteagle:

"The evidence of Messrs. Ashworth and Greg, two eminent manufacturers examined in the committee of their lordships' house up-stairs, fully explained the views entertained by the manufacturing interests of this country with respect to the effects of competition. That of Mr. Ashworth was as follows:

"Do the Americans run you hard? Yes. In many places they beat us. I believe in almost all parts of South America and the Brazils.

"Do you not think that if the protecting duty were taken off, you would be exposed to their competition seriously in our colonies? I do not know, nor do I care for that. I do not anticipate any injurious competition, or that the American people will ever become exporters of manufactures to an extent to do us serious harm. We are not afraid of them in any market in the world. We have nothing in our skill, we have nothing in our position or manufacture, to make us afraid of any country. We have railways, we have canals, we have river navigation, we have coal, we have iron, we have skill and industry; in fact we have every element to make cheap goods, and we rather challenge competition than otherwise."

The evidence of Mr. Greg was to the same purport:

"In coarse goods, from her water powers and the raw material, America has great natural advantages. She will beat us on her own soil; she will beat us on common ground, and probably will beat us in our own markets. But, when capital, skill, and labor come into large operation, as they do in the finer descriptions of goods, then we

shall beat America in this country, and in every common country in the world, and, if she opens her ports, in her own markets likewise. I think America and this country, will both be benefited by the exchange; we shall get a larger proportion of coarse goods, and she will get a larger proportion of fine goods; both will be able to get a larger proportion of what they want. Yet these gentlemen had been held up as authorities to show that the English manufacturers, under a system of free trade, would be beaten by the foreigners. Could there be a more extraordinary misapplication of evidence? [Hear, hear.]'

PARIS, July 2, 1846.

*La Revue des Deux Mondes*, issued on the first instant, contains no political article of significance, but much interesting literary matter. According to its political chronicle at the end, the Anglo-Saxon race in our Union is destined to become a small minority of the population; the French in the South, the Irish spread everywhere, and "hating the native Americans," and the immense German emigration will absorb that race. Then will come the Mexican generations to cross the breed again; yet "the fusion of the various European nationalities is a singular-admirable fact," by which Providence must intend some glorious issue. If there be anything really wonderful, it is the assimilation of all the *nationalities* to the American type; the final predominance of the Anglo-Saxon nature, by which we see the formation of a national American spirit and unity beyond the mountains, upon which we may rely more than on the motley semi-foreign character of the seaboard. In the chronicle of the preceding number of the Review the military means and prowess of the United States are invidiously belittled, and they are cautioned against attempting to establish themselves now in California, lest they should not prove able to maintain their foothold against Europe.

A French traveller has contributed to *La Revue* thirty-two curious and engaging pages on the women and the slave-market of Grand Cairo. Whoever would learn what the bondage and general condition of the Fellahs, and what the government of Mehemet and Ibrahim are, must consult the new volume (*Egypt in 1845*) of Schœlcher, the philanthropist, who travelled to the East in order to determine whether there existed a slavery worse than that of the negroes in the western world. You shall have from me some account of its details and conclusions.

Honor seems to me due from all Americans to an octavo in French, beautifully printed, which I have just received from Brussels, with the title "*Enquiries into the Situation of Emigrants to the United States of America*," by Baron A. S. Ponthoz, first secretary of the Belgian legation at Washington. A notice of this fair, sensible, authoritative work, the fruit of personal investigation in an extensive well-chosen tour, and of truly humane and patriotic dispositions, which I read in a Belgian journal, induced me to enter the title some weeks ago in my memorandum-book. It entirely corresponds in modest desert and pertinent usefulness to the expectations which that favorable notice raised. It is not often that the leisure of diplomatic secretaries is so happily employed. Mr. Brantz Mayer set a good example in his *Mexico*.

A congress of savans is to be held on the 1<sup>st</sup>

September next at Marseilles. Among the themes propounded is this: "Had not Dante once the idea of composing the Divine comedy in *Roman Provencal*?" Thank God, he did not pursue the notion—without meaning to disparage that dialect or its poets.

Reinaud, of the Institute, has translated from the Arabic, and published in two small volumes, authentic and curious Arab and Persian travels in China in the ninth century. The *Anthropology* of Bossu—the Influence of the Passions on the Economical Order of Communities, by Villeneuve-Bargemont; Béchard's Abuse of Centralization in France; the Penitentiary System, by Dr. Fourcault; the Treatise of Medical Nosography, five octavos, by Bouillaud; the fourth and last volume of Pictet's Paleontology; the second royal octavo of the principal French Political Economists of the Eighteenth Century; the Report of the Royal Academy of Medicine on the Plague and Quarantines, large octavo; Baron Henrion's General History of the Catholic Missions, are among the new French publications, for the value of which I could undertake to vouch.

Louis Blanc, author of the History of the Government of July, which has passed through many editions, has in the press a History of the French Revolution, in ten volumes, to supersede or rival that of Mr. Thiers, of whom, certainly he does not fall very short in capacity or vogue. We have an octavo, entitled *Oregon*, a geographical, statistical, and political survey, with a map of the Pacific coasts, by Mr. Fedix, who explored British archives. It is quite a handsome volume—rather late. A few days ago the two extant volumes of the Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Dictionary of Spain, by Don Pascual Madoz, came within my ken at Baudry's establishment. The author is a distinguished man of letters and politician; the volumes (in Spanish) sustain the old renown of Madrid for beautiful typography.

The British ambassador, Lord Cowley, has just returned to this capital from a visit to London. His errand—according to the French press—was to vote for Sir Robert Peel's grand measure, and to consult with Lord Aberdeen, after conferences with Mr. Guizot, on the policy of Europe in regard to your Mexican war. The Paris *Sidèle* of yesterday says: "Lord Aberdeen has returned to Paris to involve the French cabinet in a joint mediation. If this be refused, England will submit to the annexation of California, and perhaps of Yucatan, as she did to that of Texas." Some of our journalists decide that the necessity or extreme expediency of the incorporation of Texas is demonstrable by the very Mexican war and the Oregon settlement. The propositions of war made by the Mexican cabinet to their congress; the hostile proclamations of Mexican presidents and generals; the formation and march of invading armies; the attacks by the Mexicans on the Rio Grande—are all cited here, as complete exoneration of the Washington government from the charge of aggression. It is wondered how the British editors can venture to prefer this charge, immediately after their vindication of the government of British India in the case of the Sikh conflict, there being a singular parity of alleged circumstances. A journalist adds that the United States are so strong and advantageously situated that they may resolve to settle their own affairs on the American continent, without ever admitting or undergoing European mediation.

The ministry here have refused to license formally and entirely the new society or free-trade league; but they allow it to organize itself and transact business, provisionally. It would be recognized, were not the elections so near at hand. It has an able temporary bureau or committee, consisting of eminent savans, peers, deputies; professors and authors in political economy.

It is noted that Ibrahim Pacha receded from a tour in Ireland, when he had got to Belfast, notwithstanding O'Connell's fond interview with him of three quarters of an hour. The Liberator's antipathy to *slaveholding* disappeared in this instance.

Conformably to arrangements between the late pope and Czar Nicholas, the *status* of the Catholics in Russia is to be satisfactorily determined and secured. The Czar has appointed a committee, at St. Petersburg, to investigate their grievances, rights, and general situation; and one of the members is a Catholic. Nesselrode is the chairman; which is thought of the best augury. O'Connell may lose one of his favorite topics of invective against Nicholas.

Don Henry, the candidate the most popular in Spain for Queen Isabel's hand, has just dined at the Tuileries, after formal presentation by Martinez de la Rosa, the Gallico-Spanish representative. Don Henry is regarded as passing under the scrutiny of Louis Philippe—the Neapolitan match having become forlorn. We have another lion in the Duke of Soto-Mayor, ambassador for England, on furlough, son of the late Marquis of Casa Yrujo, and grandson of the late Governor McKean, of Pennsylvania. When his respectable uncle, of that state, a few months ago, called on him in London, he threw his arms about the relative's neck, and reminded him endearingly of the sports of his childhood in Philadelphia.

The public schools maintained by the state, the departments, and the townships in France are more than forty-two thousand. There are seventeen thousand private schools. The aggregate of pupils is about three millions. The budget for primary education is nearly two and a half millions of francs.

Both chambers have agreed to the appropriation of three hundred thousand francs for the publication, under ministerial auspices, of the work of Botta and Flandin, on the remains discovered on the site of the ancient Nineveh. It was reported, and chiefly advocated in the chamber of deputies, by the Jewish deputy and lawyer, Cremieux, who said: "Luckily, this is a matter of rivalry between France and England; British consuls and artists have been digging, and are preparing a similar work: you cannot refuse." The argument prevailed at once.

I know not to whom I am beholden for the sketch of the Life, Character, and Writings of the late John Pickering, of Salem, contained in the Boston Daily Advertiser of the 10th June. For me it was both welcome and melancholy; I honored the whole being of Mr. Pickering, and my duty will not be fulfilled until the sketch has passed into the hands of some member of the French Institute, by whom it may be used for that body. America possessed few such scholars; his productions and name are of high repute and authority in this meridian. The learned world that appreciated the savant should know what the man was—how worthy of equal esteem and regret. It is only a few months since I received

from him letters which indicated confidence in the accomplishment of new labors in philology, the branch of science in which Europe could hardly signalize a superior to a Pickering, within her numberless circles of learning and authorship.

The main paper of the latest bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society is the report of the distinguished committee of five, on the annual prize for the most important discovery in geography. The committee restrict themselves to the enterprises and labors executed or terminated in 1843. They record several very useful expeditions and works. A liberal paragraph is bestowed on Lieutenant Fremont's performances, and Mr. Jonah Gregg's excursions are described. Nor is Mr. Thomas Falconer forgotten. Particular mention is made of Schomburgk's exploratory travels in British Guiana; M. de Wrede's and those of Captain Haines in Arabia; Don J. de Garay's examination of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; and of the travels of Theophilus Lefebre and Dr. Beke in Abyssinia, between whom the annual prize of the academy is divided. In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Portuguese had great influence and considerable factories in Abyssinia. There existed then a great number of Christian churches, dating from the fourth century. Their creed was, in substance, the Roman Catholic, with some difference of rites akin to those of the Greek church. The same religion subsists in a certain number of towns and other inhabited places; it is held sacred so far as to render them inviolable.

Mr. Rochet is thanked for having brought from the kingdom of Choa a considerable quantity of the plant *Brayera anthelmintica*, which most efficaciously expels the *tape-worm*. At Montpellier, Toulon, and even in Paris, the tea-plant has prospered, to the delight of the Royal Society of Agriculture. The traveller Hellert's accounts of the geography of the Isthmus of Darien are commended as precious and exact. A member of the French mission to China contributes to this bulletin a minute description of the island of Basilan, the largest of the Solo or Holo group, and he represents it to be superior in soil, climate, products, and commercial facilities to any other of the Archipelago. The London Morning Chronicle of the 26th ultimo dwells on the value, for Great Britain, of the island of Labuan, as a naval station or harbor of refuge. You may accept the first paragraph of the Chronicle's article of alarm:

"Events appear at length to be assuming a character in the Indian Archipelago which must command the attention of the British government. Every maritime power is actively at work there but ourselves. The Americans, hitherto, may perhaps be said to be only on the look-out; but the Dutch, whose position gives them many advantages, are proceeding with the utmost vigor and energy to appropriate to themselves all the commanding points, whether for commerce or for political influence. Their projected expedition against Bali will, if successful, give them an undoubted ascendancy over a rich and fertile island, containing at least one million of inhabitants, and supplying the materials of a most lucrative trade. Other encroachments, still further east, are secretly contemplated by them—we mean against the native chiefs, who have neither injured nor molested them."

Viscount Victor Hugo pronounced a magniloquent exhortation to the government to endeavor at once to repair and arrest the ravages of the seas on the French coasts, especially northward and in the channel. They are changing, with grievous damage, the whole configuration. Banks, houses, villages are washed away. Here and there a lonely church shows only the steeple and upper windows. From the mouth of the Somme to that of the Seine, the devastation is dreadful. Havre and other ports, Dieppe above all, may soon be ruinously invaded. The fishermen are driven off. A peer wished to know how the Mediterranean could be prevented from receding, as it does, from the French shores; as the ocean from Newfoundland. Within the ten years past the French government has appropriated about a hundred and fifty-six millions of francs to the improvement (*amelioration*) of the maritime ports.

Of the proceedings on Thursday, the most interesting part was, first, a harangue of one of the bureaus of the Free Trade Society, on the wisdom of a revision and modification of the French tariffs, in which I mark these sentences: "Remember the admirable preambles to the ordinances of our kings on liberty of trade in grain. That of 1774, which embraces all the elements of the great doctrines of Adam Smith, preceded by two years the first publication of his work, the *Wealth of Nations*, that has served as a text for the repeal of the British corn laws. Gentlemen, let us restore to our country what belongs to her; let no one of her glories expire by non-assertion." The other important contribution to the debate was from the Baron de Bourgoing, Minister of France for one of the German kingdoms, who related how the troops for the suppression of the Polish insurgents were sent by the railroads, proving the facility of conveying any number of all arms, with the utmost despatch. Seven hundred infantry were placed in twenty-three cars in five minutes, and travelled six leagues the hour.

July 4.

Enclosed are eight pages, *de omnibus rebus*, written at Versailles, yesterday and the day before, in my early morning leisure. At this moment the weather is too hot for the preparation of a formal epistle. What remains in my note-book of historical and political interest you shall have by the steamer of the 19th instant. Let me offer you the compliments of the glorious anniversary. Our country has never had stronger motive or ampler reason to rejoice in its independence and growth. The Americans in this capital are, I believe, all satisfied with the terms of the Oregon convention. The Paris writers decide that our government has achieved, on the whole, a capital bargain. All the London organs profess to be more or less content. The Paris papers of this morning furnish no comments on American matters. I must except the *Siecle*, which repeats that Lord Cowley returned in all haste from London to arrange a joint mediation in behalf of Mexico. As Russia has considerable interests on the Pacific coast, she is solicited to unite in guarantying the Mexican territory. If the Czar should consent, Mr. Guizot will adhere, and the three powers then proclaim a European concert for the maintenance of the American equipoise. No disquisition yet in the Debats on the Oregon adjustment. The British and French cabinets are understood to have grown sick of the La Plata *mediation*, and to rely on the

mission of Mr. Hood for a compromise. The crops of every description in France are likely to be excellent. Nothing fresh from the new pope. Portugal a chaos; Spain, volcanic; Germany, progressive; Poland, subdued; Switzerland, distract; Italy, quiet, though malcontent. Sir Robert Peel has left an arduous programme for his successors.

THE case of Count Léon against the Countess de Luxembourg was heard again by the civil tribunal of the Seine. The circumstances of this case must be fresh in the memory of most of our readers. It may not be amiss, however, to briefly retrace some of the leading points. Count Léon is the reputed son of Napoleon by the Countess de Luxembourg, formerly Mme. Denuelle de la Plaigne. He was provided for and educated by direction of the late emperor, and a considerable sum of money was invested to create an annual income for his support. The count, having expended his property, applied to his reputed mother for the means of subsistence, and, not meeting with success, he brought an action against her to compel her to allow him 6,000fr. annually. This has been resisted chiefly on the ground that there was no proof of his being the son of the countess. The count, therefore, has since brought forward a number of documents to show that he is the son of Napoleon, and that the Countess de Luxembourg is really his mother. Amongst the papers produced by M. Crénieux, his counsel, was a letter written to the count in 1845, by the Prince Canino, brother of the Emperor Napoleon, in which he speaks of the count as his relation, with an enclosure, being a letter of recommendation from the prince to a female cousin, in which he calls the count his nephew. The court declared that the defendant was the mother of the plaintiff, and adjudged her to make him a provision of 4,000fr. *pendente lite*, reserving the question of 6,000fr. per annum demanded by the count.

THE Minister of the Marine, convinced of the advantages of the galvanization of iron, has ordered a 20-gun brig and another vessel, now being built of iron at Brest, to be subjected to this process.

A LETTER from Vienna states that M. Negrelli, inspector-in-chief of railways, was to set out in a few days to examine the line marked down by the engineer for the Great Gallician Railway, which is to be commenced in the spring. Its length is to be about 350 English miles.

THE coronation of Oscar I. and his consort Eugenia, daughter of Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, as King and Queen of Norway, is fixed to be held on the 15th October next, on which occasion the Storthing will be convoked.

THE quarantine question will be seriously discussed among the other important inquiries to be entered upon at the meeting of the Scientific Congress of Italy.

THE Chambers of Commerce are about to be called upon to examine the propriety and advantages of establishing a French factory at Canton, with branch offices of agency at Macao, Manilla, and Java.

THE *France* says: "We are able to state that, in September next, there will be a meeting of the three sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, at Vienna."